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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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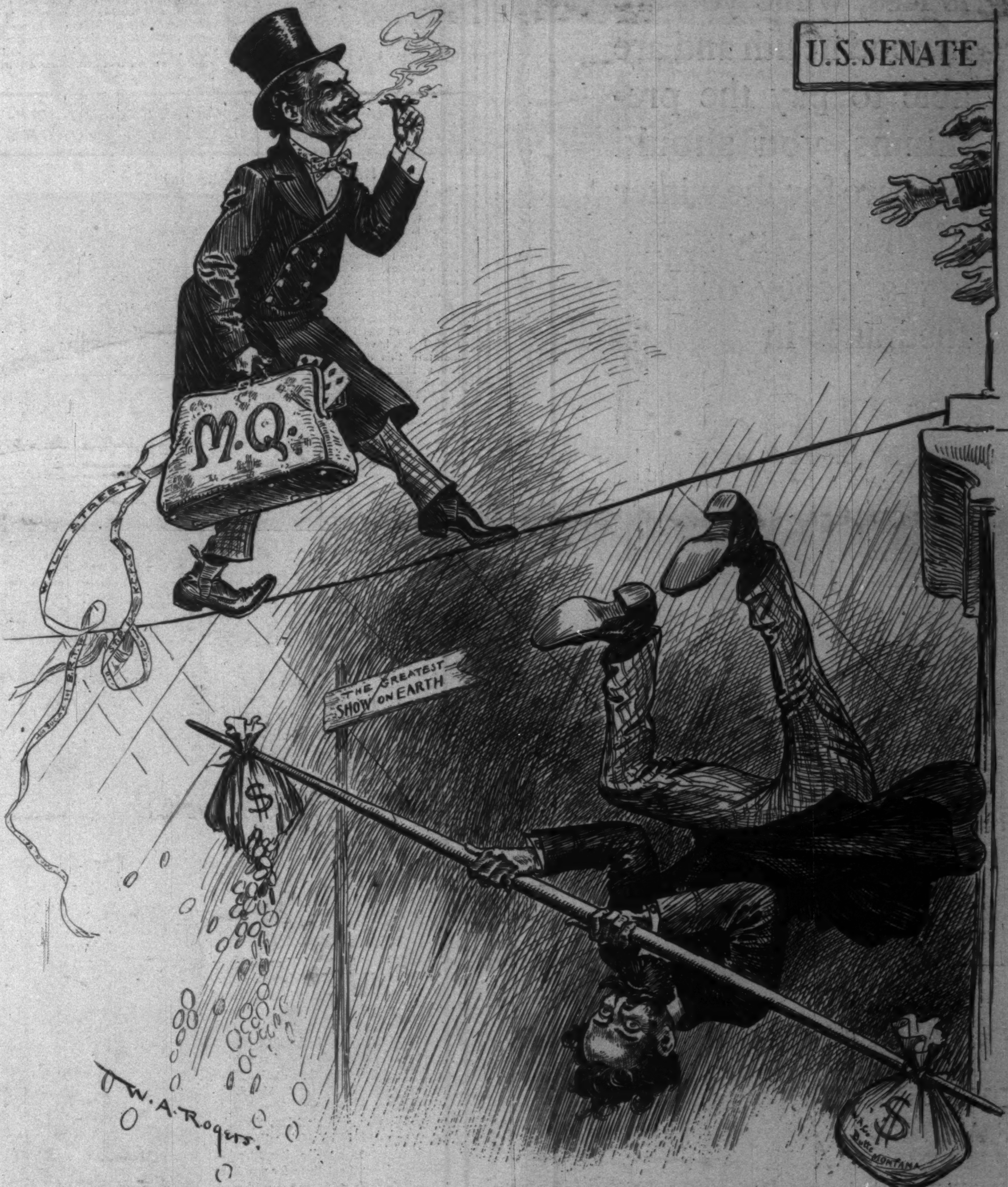
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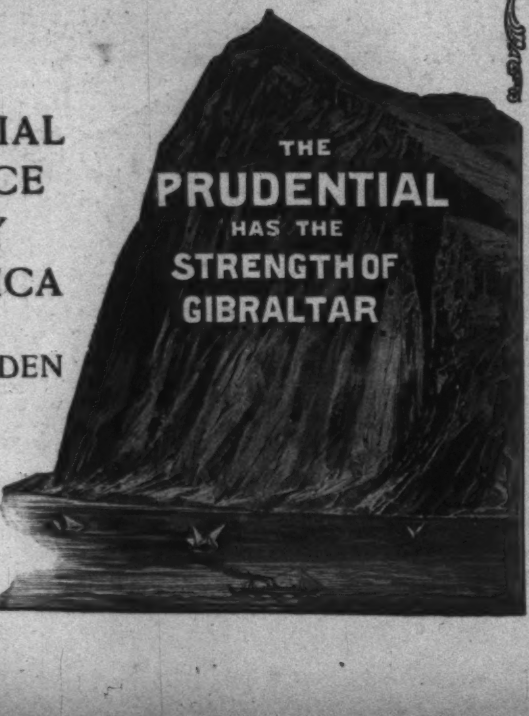

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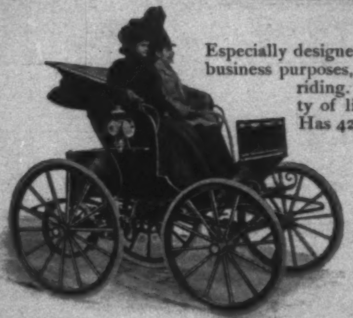

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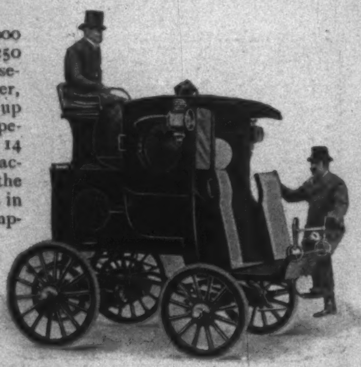

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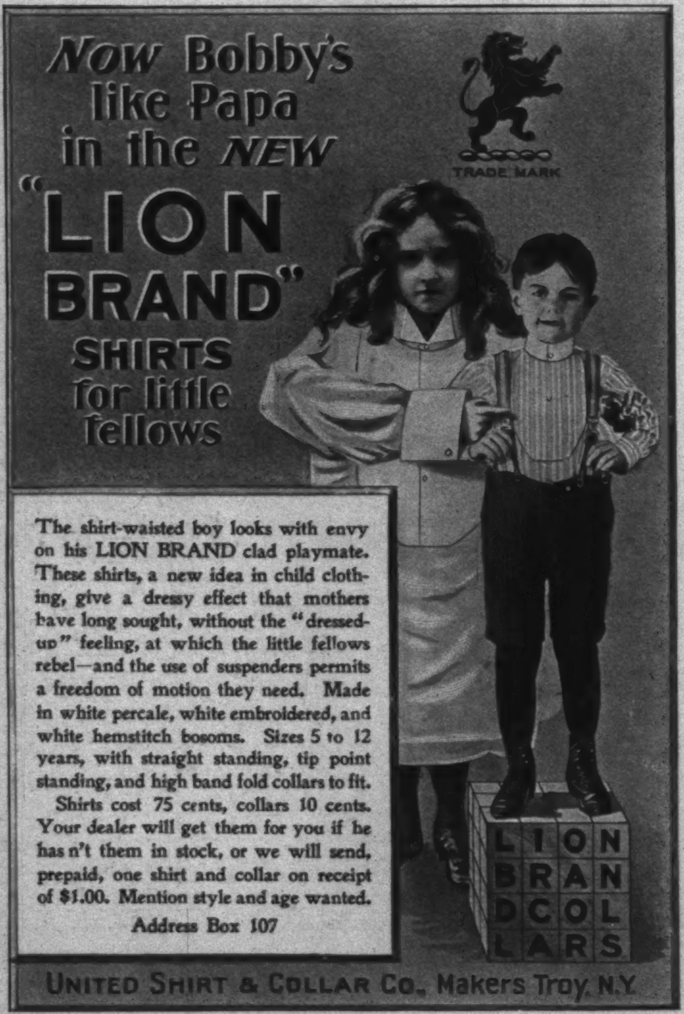

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April 21
1900

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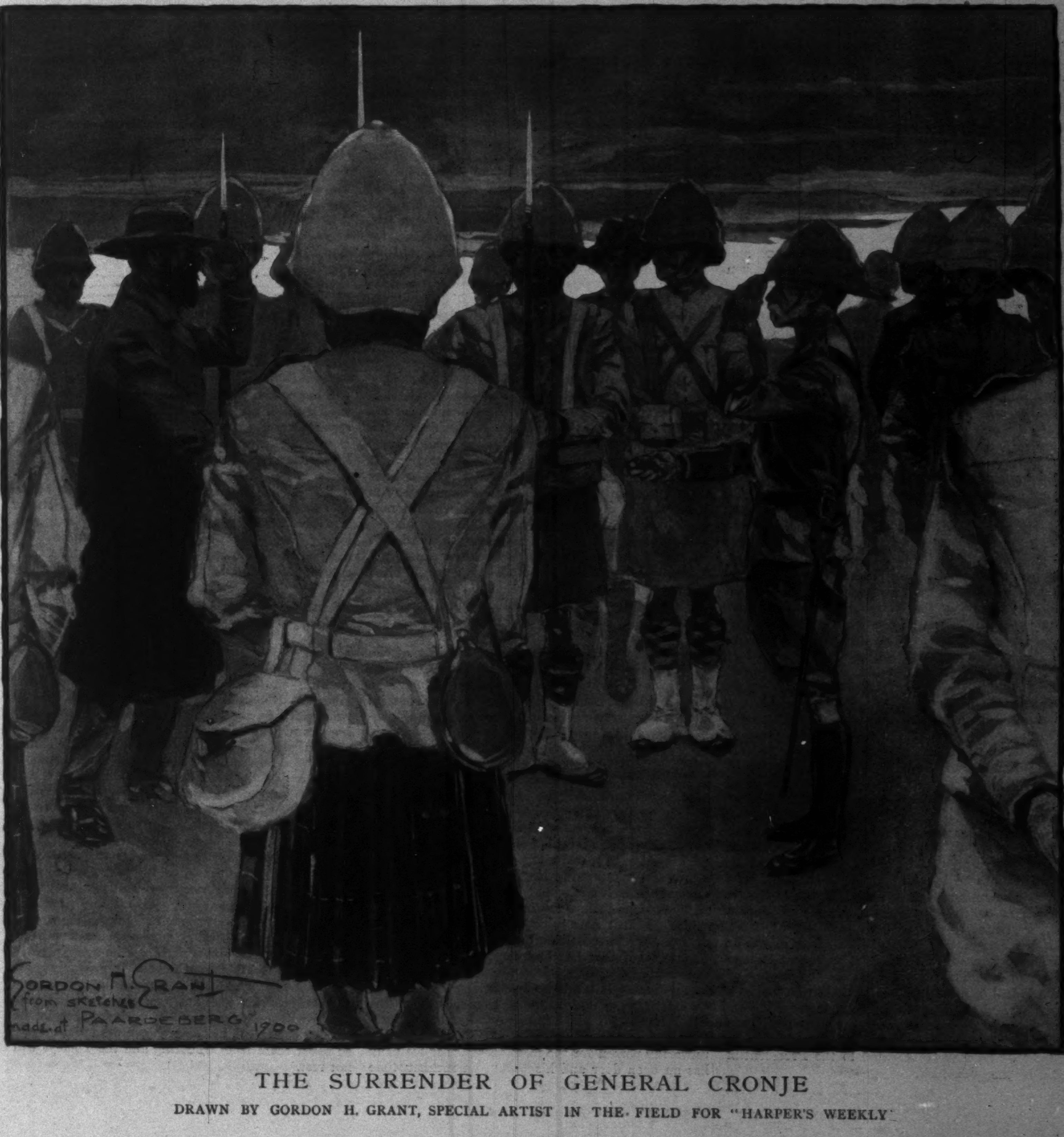

THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL CRONJE

DRAWN BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 21, 1900

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A Grateful Republic

SOME sagacious observer has stated that republics are ungrateful, and many later individuals, with no original sentiments of their own to offer, have since vociferously endorsed the view, having little or no knowledge of the real character of such republics as are worthy of consideration. It may be that certain of the comic-opera republics, so called, that exist in South America, are at times found wanting in a proper expression of gratitude to their benefactors, and one or two nations elsewhere, republican in form but oligarchies in warp and woof, may have shown themselves now and then possessed of little conscience in the matter of their moral obligations; but the true republic, one like our own, for example, is far from being an ingrate, and in many instances has shown itself distinctly loyal and appreciative of services rendered in the face of strong temptation to be justifiably otherwise.

A conspicuously loyal adherence to the principles of gratitude has been shown in this republic of ours time and time again, but never more emphatically than within the past fortnight in the case of our attitude toward Admiral Dewey and his Presidential pronouncements. We have taken pains to observe just how the Admiral's startling proclamation has been received by the people, and as a result of this careful observation we are inclined to think that the American people are a pretty good sort. With few exceptions, the Admiral's aspirations have been treated with a respectful but not too serious consideration. His simple-minded assumption that the Presidency is an easy-going sort of affair has not been laughed at, as it would most assuredly have been had the extraordinary utterance come from another source, but has been received with a respect due rather to our appreciation of what Dewey has done for us than to any sort of sympathy with the ideas advanced. His childlike refusal for a day or two to identify himself with either of the two great parties; his calm reliance upon the support of the people who have cheered him on the public highways, and who have written him letters telling him how great a man he is; and his cool appropriation of the Constitution of the United States as the platform upon which he will exclusively stand—all of these, instead of meeting with derision, have been handled with a delicacy and tact which, the Admiral aside, they never merited, and in the case of any other man they never would have received.

There has been everywhere expressed a sentiment of affectionate regret that the popular idol should have wished to come down from his high pedestal to strive for laurels other than, but no greater than, his own; to leave the calm heights within which he rested, hedged about by the affections of the people, to plunge into the ruck and turmoil of partisan politics, wherein lies much bitterness. Not a malicious note has been sounded in any quarter worthy of mention, despite the abundance of the opportunity, and the Admiral should be deeply impressed by the fact, although he should not misunderstand the significance of it. As it appears to us, it is loyalty to the man of Manila Bay, gratitude to the commander of May 1, 1898, that has caused all this, and in no wise a real or assumed sympathy with him in his recent change of ambition. The republic thinks too highly of its Admiral to treat him harshly when he makes a mistake, and if we understand its temper, it does not propose to let him throw away the affectionate esteem of a goodly half of his fellow-citizens in order that he may be elevated to the Presidential office by the other half.

The Message to Kruger

THE children of Philadelphia have very decided opinions of their own and they do not hesitate to express them. If the grown-up people of the United States have not the courage to come out in manful fashion and proclaim their sympathy with the Boers in their present difficulty with Great Britain, the youth of Philadelphia have no such timid misgivings, and, furthermore, having taken the trouble to express their views forcibly, they do not propose to intrust their resolutions of sympathy to the mails, to the cable, or to any other fallible agency. They are sending their communication direct to Oom Paul himself by messenger-boy, and that their message of sympathy shall not go astray or be amended into a missive of reprobation by the conscienceless British censor the messenger-boy has instructions to avoid British territory as he would the plague.

There is something inspiring about all this, and we do not wonder that it should have moved Mr. Bourke Cockran to overcome his well-known disinclination to speak in public, or that it has impelled Mr. Edwin Markham to delight the world with another poem in his charming series of metrical exuberances on Abraham Lincoln. Just what connection Abraham Lincoln's memory has with the enterprise of the Philadelphia children we are not aware, but the incident has inspired Mr. Markham nevertheless, just as it must inspire any other worthy person, poet or otherwise. Were there a Dumas among us to seize upon the incident a wonderful romance might grow out of it. The errand of D'Artagnan and the Three Musketeers from Paris to Buckingham in behalf of the Queen of France, immortalized by the great French romancer, was not more inspiring than this pilgrimage that lies before the messenger-boy, and it is a pity that the times lack the pen to do justice to the theme. Meanwhile, we hope the mission will not spoil the messenger-boy. A lad willing and able to undertake a journey of such length, of such responsibility, and of such peril is too good a youngster to have his head turned by the notoriety which must inevitably wait upon his efforts. We must confess to a certain amount of liking for the fighting Dutchmen in South Africa, but we would rather see them left to fight their own battles unaided than have one sterling American boy ruined for life. If, therefore, it is not too late, we would recommend to the school-children of Philadelphia that they recall their messenger and send Mr. Bourke Cockran and Mr. Markham to Pretoria instead. Mr. Cockran could introduce Mr. Markham to Mr. Kruger with an eloquence worthy of the occasion, and the poet could then recite a rhymed version of the resolutions, of his own composition, to the Transvaal President. We do not know what President Kruger would say to all this, but it is an experiment worth trying. It would keep Messrs. Cockran and Markham busy for a few months, and enable the messenger-boy to attend to his regular business in life like a normally constituted, healthy-minded individual.

If this suggestion is not accepted and the lad is allowed to go upon his way to Pretoria, we see nothing ahead of him but an interesting trip, a brief hour of glory on the vaudeville stage on his return, and an ensuing period of oblivion and disappointment.

The Rich Man and the Senate

ONE by one certain cherished illusions of the public are being dispelled. There has been prevalent for a long time a notion that the United States Senate had degenerated from its former high estate as a body of statesmen of convincing quality into a sort of millionaire's club, the possession of large wealth being the chief qualification for membership therein. Our funny men have rioted with the idea in fiction, in verse, and in prose. Our stump-speakers in political times have found in the idea much inspiration for the glowing periods which they delight to roll under their tongues, and many worthy citizens whose minds are influenced by the jokes of the paragraphers and the lack of logic of the stump-orators have really come to believe the fact to be as stated. But a change must now come o'er the spirit of their dream. We have had an awakening, and it is the Senate itself that has brought us rudely to a realization of the facts. It appears now that a seat in the Senate is not to be bought and sold, just as though it were nothing more than a seat in the Stock Exchange. The honors of that high chamber may not be placed upon the shoulders of an unworthy person for the mere reason that his bank has an open door and his pocket an inexhaustible depth. The stature of a Senator may not be defined by the elongation of his limbs, however richly they may pan out when consistently pulled. The man with money merely, cannot buy his way into the circle of the elect, and the country should rejoice at the emphatic demonstration that this fact has just received. With the House of Representatives casting out polygamists, and the Senate denying its honors to those who would corrupt the electors, we may be encouraged to believe that Congress is by no means as black as it is painted.

The Governor and the Vice-Presidency

A VERY interesting spectacle is now being presented to the public in the effort of certain politicians to force Governor Roosevelt into accepting a nomination for the Vice-Presidency. We are estopped from saying that we do not blame the Governor for not wanting the nomination by our comments upon the exalted character of the office in a recent issue of the Weekly, but we cannot deny that Colonel Roosevelt has our sympathy in his sturdy resistance of the effort to put him in a position that he has no liking for. That the Governor would like to be President of the United States goes without saying, but his system of advancement is radically opposed to any scheme which involves his getting there gradually. What Theodore Roosevelt does, he does with a rush, a slap, and a dash. He has all the qualities of a first-class avalanche inverted. He has a way of appearing at the foot of a hill, and before anybody realizes that he has begun to move he turns up on the top of it. That is the way he did things in Cuba; that is the way he did things in Washington; that is the way he did things in the city of New York when sleeping policemen used constantly to be awakened from sweet dreams of peace at unseemly hours of the night by the dazzling glitter of the Commissioner's historic smile. When he went into the police business, where he sat was the head of the table; when he went into the Navy Department, it was not long before the nominal head of that department found things going with a rush that reconciled him later to the appointment of his assistant to a lieutenant-colonelcy in the army; when he went to Cuba with his Rough Riders, the reposeful methods of the War Department sustained a severe shock; and when he returned to his native State, a whirlwind struck it which left him Governor. And now this man is asked to preside over the United States Senate—reputed to be a deliberative body—and meanwhile to go through a hot political campaign as the tail to the Administration's kite.

When women begin to use Corliss engines to run sewing-machines, we shall begin to believe in the appropriateness of nominating a man of Governor Roosevelt's temperament for the office of Vice-President of the United States.

Senator Hoar's Fishing Trip

IT is a positive pleasure to hear that the venerable and universally respected senior Senator from Massachusetts, Mr. Hoar, is planning a long fishing trip in Maine for next autumn. We are glad to know that the Senator is to take a vacation which will bring him the rest from public duty that a man of his activities must at times sorely need. He will come into contact with Nature, the great expansionist, and in one of those favored spots where Mother Earth reveals her beauties in a limitless and ever-startling profusion. He will for the time being sit apart from the contracting influences of conventional life, far from the madding and maddening crowd which imposes shackles upon the mind of man, and will find himself surrounded with the silent plodding things of life that never cease to grow, and that are always unfolding new and hitherto unrevealed glories. He will be able, while luring the wary salmon or the unwary trout, to look back with satisfaction upon his past; to reflect, as he casts his fly hither and yon, upon his present; and as his basket begins to groan with the weight of his catch, to lay plans which may have a salutary influence upon his future.

We wish the Senator a pleasant and profitable outing, and we trust that his luck will prove so great that he will find it advisable the next time he goes to take along with him a hamper in place of the small basket to which he is probably most accustomed. We likewise congratulate him upon the choice of time he has made for his little trip. There will be more profitable work for him in the woods next fall than nearer home, where the wicked never cease from troubling and the Tooleys will not rest.

THE KENTUCKY ENTANGLEMENT

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED

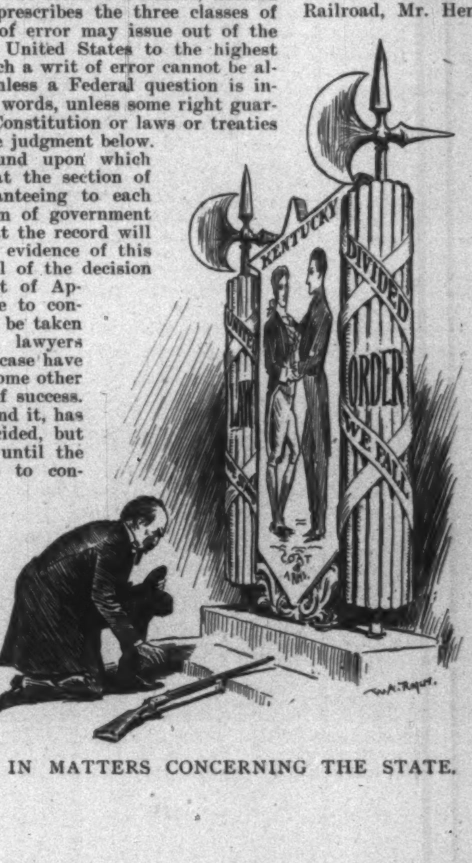
WHEN the affairs in Kentucky were last considered in this journal technical civil war existed, and the de facto executive officers of the State protected themselves from the mandates of the courts by military guard. Senator Goebel, the minority candidate for Governor and the contestant before the State Assembly for that office, had just been assassinated. Before he died, however, the State Assembly decided the contest in his favor and he was sworn into office. Immediately after his death Mr. Beckham, who had run on the Goebel ticket for Lieutenant-Governor, was inaugurated as Governor. The de facto Governor, the man who had received a plurality of votes and had been awarded the certificate of the election returning board, did not yield up his office, but declared he would hold it until Beckham had a better title than that given by the General Assembly, which Governor Taylor had adjourned on account of the alleged insurrection. An open and bloody collision between the parties seemed imminent to those who are not more than superficially acquainted with Kentucky character. I did not believe this, but then predicted that the profound respect of the Kentuckians collectively for the law would restrain them even though the enforcement of the law did a great ethical wrong and placed the minority above the majority. And I am not now shaken in that firm belief.

The first act of this serious political drama ended with the establishment of two sets of State officers in the capital city. There was an effort to bring about a compromise. But this failed, as the principals on both sides refused to make any concessions. Indeed both maintained that duty prevented any concession. Each party surrounded itself with a militia force and there were two adjutant-generals, each contending that he commanded the military organizations of the State. All the material for a conflict was ready; the powder needed but to be touched off by the passionate partisanship which was aflame on every side.

A case was made up and upon agreed facts was argued before Judge Emmett Field, of Louisville. After several weeks of consideration that judge decided that the court had no jurisdiction, as the decision of the General Assembly, according to the State Constitution, was final. The Republican office-holders promptly appealed the case, and it was again argued before the Court of Appeals, which has seven members, four of whom are Democratic in politics and three Republican. That court has confirmed the decision of Judge Field, six voting for confirmation and one Republican justice dissenting. The Court of Appeals declared that the Constitution in express terms declares that "only the General Assembly can determine a contested election for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor." It is interesting to note that two Republican judges assented to this decision. It has been appealed to the United States Supreme Court, presumably on the ground that some right guaranteed by the Federal Constitution has been violated. The appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the United States is wholly conferred by statute. There is nothing in the Constitution which of itself would give the Supreme Court of the United States jurisdiction of any proceeding in a State to test the claims to a public office. The appellate jurisdiction is regulated by the Revised Statutes, Section 709, and that section prescribes the three classes of cases in which a writ of error may issue out of the Supreme Court of the United States to the highest court of any State. Such a writ of error cannot be allowed or maintained unless a Federal question is involved below. In other words, unless some right guaranteed by the Federal Constitution or laws or treaties has been violated by the judgment below.

Presumably the ground upon which error is claimed is that the section of the Constitution guaranteeing to each State a republican form of government has been violated. That the record will show such prima facie evidence of this as to justify a reversal of the decision of the Kentucky Court of Appeals is too improbable to consider. It may therefore be taken for granted that the lawyers who have appealed the case have taken such action for some other reason than the hope of success. The case, as I understand it, has now virtually been decided, but will not be concluded until the Federal Court refuses to confirm a writ of error. When that has happened only two courses will be possible. One is for the Republican office-holders to give up; the other is to endeavor to maintain themselves by force.

But they will give up. And in giving up the offices to which they were elected by the people, we will see a superb illustration of the supremacy of the law as well as an example of self-restraint upon the part of a particularly high-strung people. This will happen in Kentucky, and the people of the other States will learn more than they ever knew before of the peculiar characteristics of the citizens of a commonwealth where the private avenging of personal wrongs is practised more generally than elsewhere in this country, but where the law as it relates to public affairs is obeyed implicitly by the people collectively.



IN MATTERS CONCERNING THE STATE.

So as to understand the quality and degree of this self-restraint it is interesting to look at what led up to the entanglement which is now being slowly unravelled by due process of law. Though Kentucky is normally a Democratic State, it went Republican in 1896 on account of Democratic revolt against the Silver Heresy. Last summer Goebel secured his nomination by such devious and forbidden methods that there was a very considerable revolt in the Democratic party against him. This resulted in a second Democratic ticket, and also in a plurality at the election for the Republican ticket. This plurality was so large that though the returning boards, created by the notorious Goebel election law, revised the votes, they could not obliterate the plurality entirely. Therefore Taylor secured the certificate of election on the strength of 2500 plurality (it was probably nearer 25,000 on a fair count) and was duly inaugurated. The General Assembly, however, was Democratic and Goebel contested before that body. Now there is not an honest man who is also intelligent in the whole State who does not believe that Taylor was honestly elected. To be sure, there are men who in the ordinary affairs of life are both honest and intelligent, who hold the opposite belief. But such men are so blinded by partisanship that both honesty and intelligence are inoperative at this time and in this case. They fail to see the iniquity of the carefully arranged plan to place the Democratic candidates in office no matter what the people decreed in the matter.

Before the election the Goebel canvassers declared in the Louisville district, where there is the greatest density of population, "Goebel will be Governor if he gets but one vote, or none, in this district."

Goebel himself, before the election, in the same district, declared, "It is all over but the shouting. I've got them right here [extending a tightly clinched hand], just as I had them in the convention."

The Democratic managers while the vote was being canvassed declared, "Taylor would have to get a larger majority than 15,000 to become the next Governor of Kentucky."

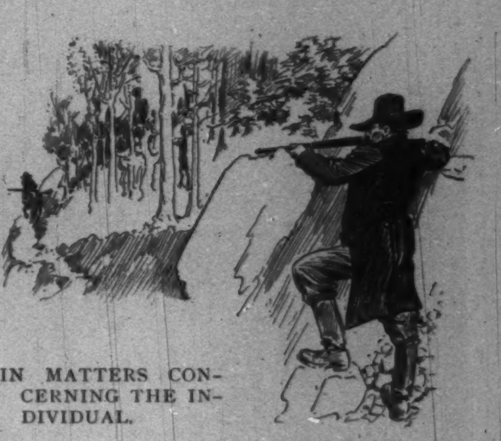
Just before the election the *Courier-Journal*, which had opposed the passage of the Goebel law as a menace to popular government, said, editorially:

"Except as the result of violence or fraud, the vote to be cast next Tuesday is to all intents and purposes already determined. Nothing remains outstanding except the counting and the shouting; and when the counting and shouting are over, the victors and the victims will settle down to their normal state of acquiescence, irradiated by those elements of good sense and good feeling which distinguish the Americans as a people among the nations of the earth."

In writing to Mr. August Belmont, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, Mr. Henry Watterson, whose frankness is more dangerous to the cause he espouses than to the one he opposes, said that nothing whatever had been left to chance, and declared that the result of the election was foreordained.

Now the people in Kentucky have known these things since before the election and they have realized for some time past that the will of the people was to be set aside by process of law. And yet they will submit. The wrong is not a wrong against the Republican party, but a wrong against popular sovereignty. If it were not that the whole affair has become complicated with the dastardly assassination of Goebel the people would be able in the course of a little while to rebuke the party which has so skilfully arranged to steal the State by legal process. What effect the unravelling of the murder mystery will have it is very hard to say. At this time the Republican Secretary of State is in jail and under indictment charged with conspiracy to murder, and the former Secretary of State is in Indiana under the protection of the Indiana authorities, because he is afraid that in Kentucky he will also be held on the charge of conspiracy to murder. Several other men are under arrest under the same charge, and there have been several alleged confessions stimulated by the reward offered by the General Assembly of $100,000 for the apprehension and conviction of the murderers of Goebel. It has even been charged that Taylor was privy to the conspiracy to kill Goebel and enough members of the Legislature to wipe out the Democratic majority. The conservative people, who keep their heads cool and are unmoved by partisan passion, have reached no conclusion as to the worth of the evidence which has so far been heard. However cool they are, they cannot fail to feel that this is a very sorry story that is being told to the world. The partisans on either side make the whole complication worse. One side charges too much; the other side denies too much. Surely neither party has more virtue than it has need of.

The great political mistake, a mistake which in its consequence may well be called a crime, was the bringing of the armed mountaineers to Frankfort while the General Assembly had the contested election under consideration. Notwithstanding the careful arrangement of the pre-election plans, it was not absolutely sure that all of the Democrats in the Legislature would vote against the recorded will of the people. The public opinion of every State is greatly influenced if not always controlled by the moral and religious forces that bear upon it. And these forces were almost unanimously against Goebel. Then the menacing mountaineers were brought to the State capital and all doubt as to the solidity of the Democratic vote was swept away as by a torrent from a bursting dam. Moreover, public opinion changed and thousands of Democrats who had bitterly opposed Goebel felt that this threatening by mountain desperadoes was more than they could stand. So they have since lent their moral support to the party from which they had only temporarily seceded.

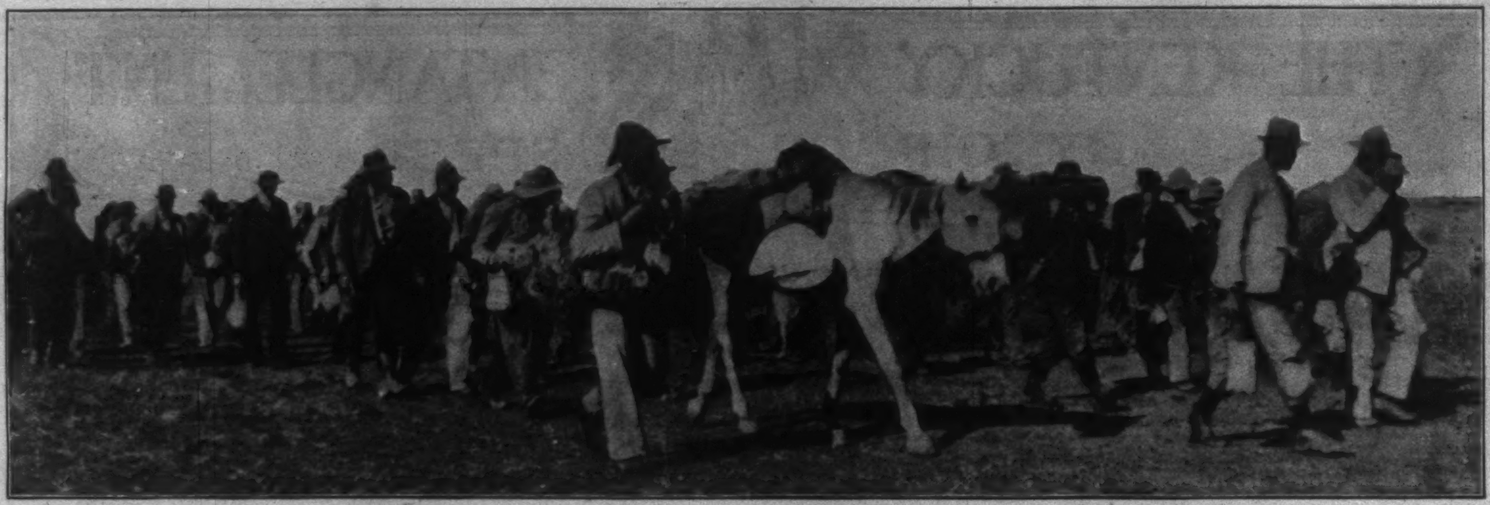


IN MATTERS CONCERNING THE INDIVIDUAL.

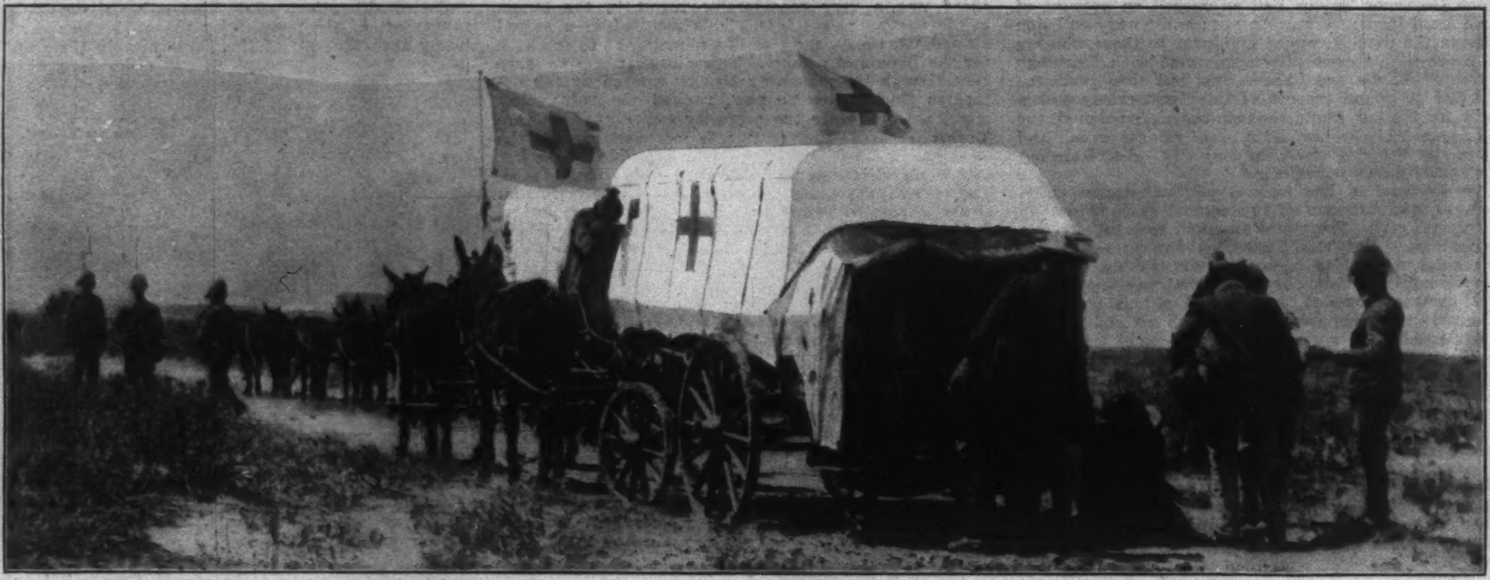
Several men have been named as the assassin of Goebel. Neither of these at the time this was written had been apprehended. The first named was a negro barber. The mention of him was probably a ruse, as he has not been arrested, though he might have been at any time. Another is a well-known mountain desperado. One of the alleged confessions says that this man Howard fired the shot for $1600 in cash and the promise of a pardon for a murder for which he was under indictment. That the man chosen by the people of the State to be Governor could lend himself to a vulgar bargain to secure himself in his office by murder is inconceivable, and I do not believe that any save bitter partisans in Kentucky give credence to these allegations.

The curtain is about to fall on the second act of the drama. In the third act the murder mystery will be cleared up and the murderers punished. Then and not till then will the people settle down to the quiet of their ordinary life and to the reward which will rightfully be theirs for obedience to the laws, even though the laws worked injustice and reversed their verdict as given at the polls.

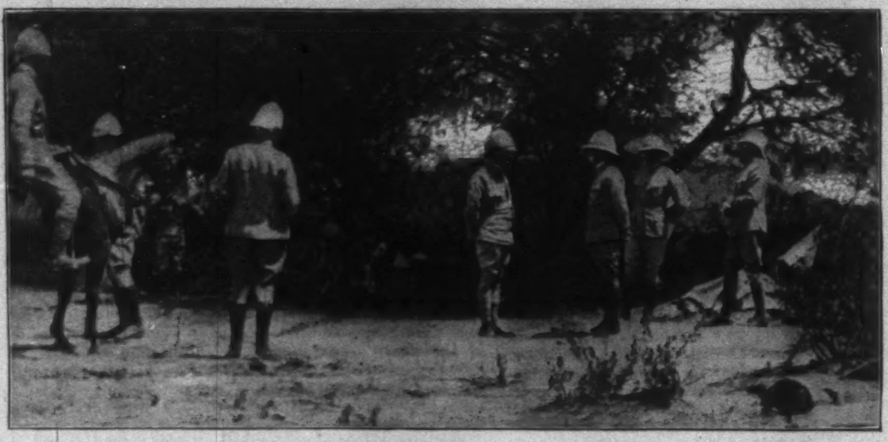
In the mean time it is quite unfair to rail at the Kentuckians, as some have done, as incapable of self-government To compare them to the Central-Americans is an exhibition of ignorance of both the Spanish-Americans and the Kentuckians. The latter are as open in speech and action as any people in the world, and quite as incapable of treachery and conspiracy to do violence as people in other States of the Union. From the earliest period of their history they have been noted for their respect for the law as it related to property and other vested rights. They have been free in personal fights to avenge personal grievances, because the trial by combat has survived there in custom if not in law. But they have never been influenced by mobs or the threat of fear of mobs. The effect of the descent of the mountaineers on the capital city shows this. This was an action which was intolerable, and more effective, indeed, in changing public opinion than the killing of Goebel. An assault on a man the Kentuckians can understand, but an assault on the law, as such, is beyond their comprehension.



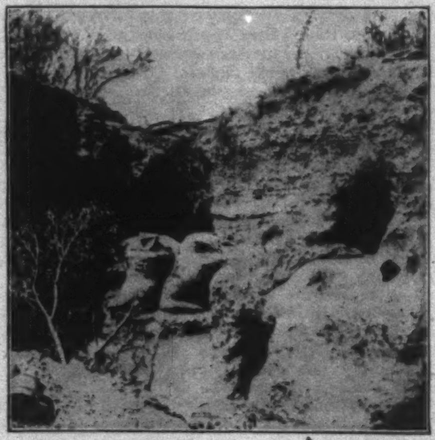
BOER PRISONERS MARCHING FROM CRONJE'S LAAGER TO KLIP DRIFT.



BRITISH AMBULANCE TAKING IN THE BOER WOUNDED ON THE FIELD.

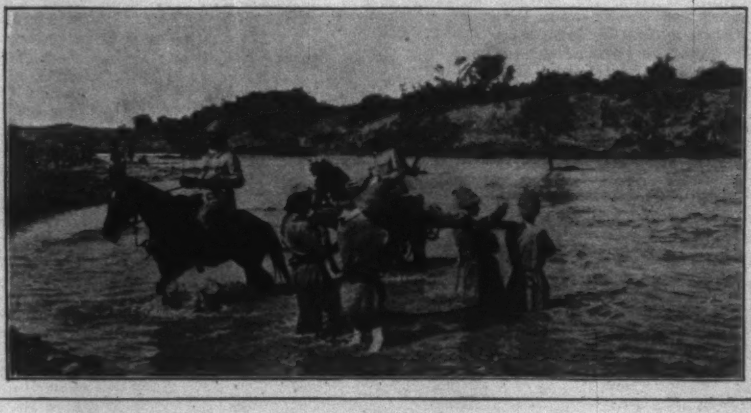


LORD ROBERTS RECEIVING REPORTS AT HIS HEADQUARTERS.



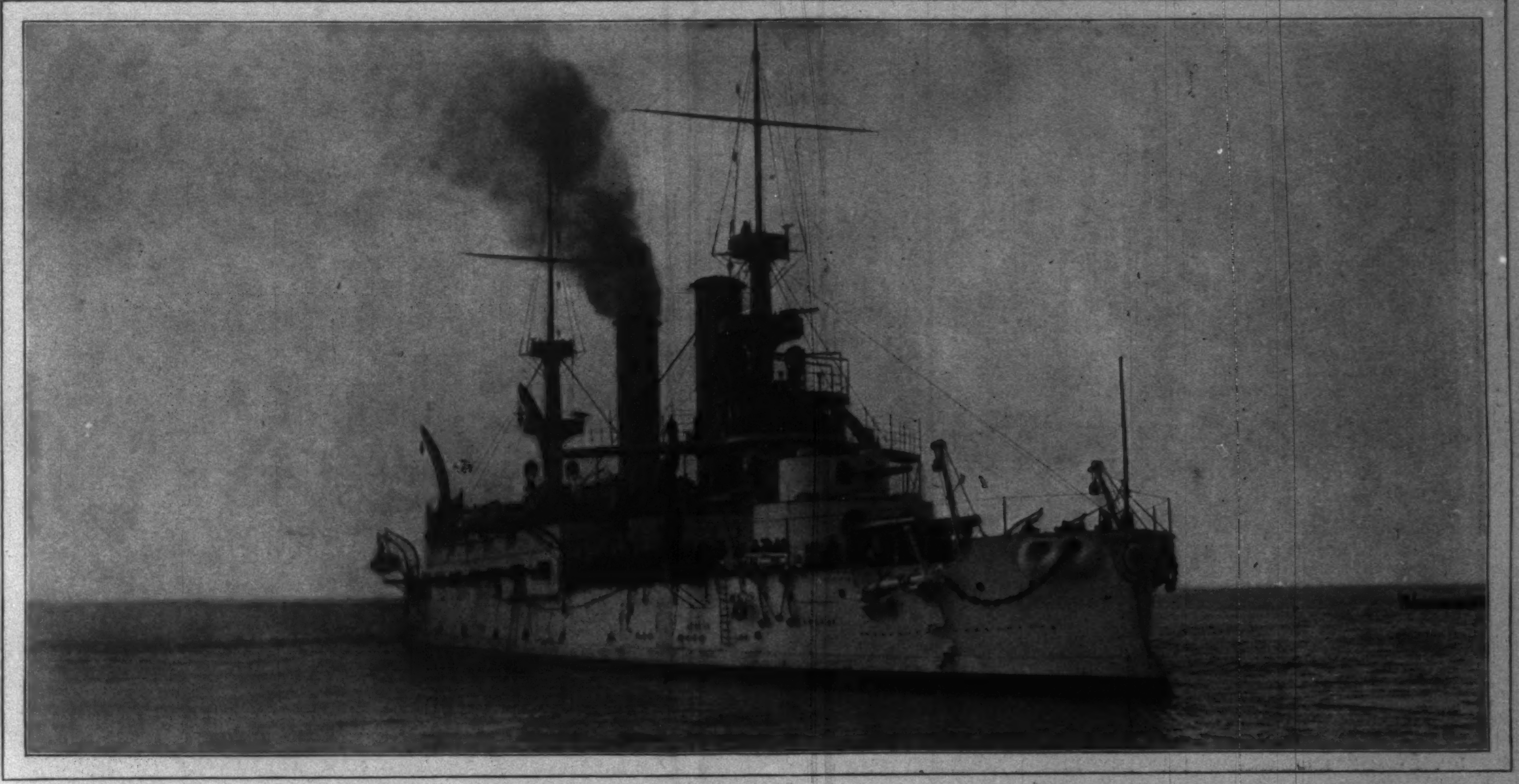
SAMPLE OF THE BOER SHELTERS
Excavated in the dry Bed of Modder River.

A LOAD OF CAPTURED RIFLES.



CARRYING A WOUNDED BOER TO THE FIELD-HOSPITAL.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—SCENES AFTER THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL CRONJE'S ARMY AT PAARDEBERG.



THE NEW BATTLE-SHIP "KEARSARGE."

The mightiest War-vessel of the United States Navy. A notable Feature of her Construction and Armament are the Superimposed Turrets.

Copyright, 1900, by S. B. Rusk, Newport News

THE FUTURE OF SHIP-BUILDING.

By Charles H. Cramp

THE marvellous progress in ship-building made by Germany during the past ten years gives us the key to the future of that industry in this country. Up to about twelve years ago, although there were two very considerable ship-owning companies in Germany, there was no ship-building worth mentioning. All the sea-going ships of the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd companies, and most of the German navy itself, such as it was, had been built in England. But about 1888 the policy of Germany was suddenly changed. The present German Emperor promoted the new policy with all the vigor and ability so characteristic of him. He not only encouraged the German ship-building industry by his administration of the laws, but he, through his private resources, personally took stock in most of the enterprises that were started under the impetus of the new policy, and he also interested himself in the same manner in the ships themselves.

The result is that to-day, including ships under construction and nearly finished, the Hamburg and the North German Lloyd are the greatest two ship-owning and ship-operating concerns in the world. And concurrently with that, all the German war-vessels for the last fifteen years have been built and are required by law to be built in Germany, and, as far as possible, of domestic material. And an additional and equally important result is that, from practically nothing twelve or fifteen years ago, Germany may now be considered as the second ship-building nation in the world, and rapidly encroaching upon the hitherto undisputed supremacy of England.

Had the policy of our government been as wise, as liberal, or as comprehensive as is the policy of the German government, the growth of the American ship-building industry might have compared favorably during the past twenty years with that of the father-land. It may be said that American ship-building has grown rapidly since, say, 1881 or 1882. But consider what that growth might have been and might still be were our government to cease driving nails into the coffin of American ship-building, and promote, aid, and encourage the industry as other nations are doing. The subject of American ship-building is, I think, little understood by the general public, and much that is written about it is inadequate to explain the situation.

In the first place, there seems to be a disposition to regard the supremacy of Great Britain in metal ship-building as a cause, whereas it is an effect. It is the effect of two causes—(1) the destruction of the American merchant marine just at the beginning of the era of metal ships, and (2) the most persistent and universal aid and encouragement from the British government. It is not stating the case too strongly to say that the principal or largest ship-yards in Great Britain have been built and equipped and their working organization trained at the public cost, or by public money. For convenience we may begin with the year 1860, from which to date the supremacy of metal ships. Since that time about or a little more than seven-tenths of the total steam tonnage, metal built, has been the product of British ship-yards.

During the first ten or fifteen years of that period a very large proportion of the naval construction of Great Britain was given to private ship-yards, and for that work prices were paid sufficiently large to not only give a handsome profit on the ships themselves, but to enable the builders to construct new dry docks and otherwise enlarge their plants and organizations. The most notable example of this kind is Laird's of Birkenhead, who were enabled, by the method described, to build five large dry docks. It is difficult to estimate or to even analyze in detail the benefits of this policy in all its bearings. The far-sightedness of the British government might well be cause for chagrin to the American people, who have seen the English nation build up an efficient reserve power that would enable it to quickly prepare for war, both in new construction and in the repairs and outfit of vessels that in time of peace would be what is called "lying in ordinary."

But it had an effect reaching far beyond that. The ships which these private ship-yards built for the British navy went all over the world, and advertised their builders in a manner that could not have been accomplished by any other method. The result was that, from 1860 to 1890, British ship-yards supplied all the nations of the world with navies wholly or in part, except France and the United States. The general result has been to make metal ship-building the greatest of all British industries for a period of forty years; greater not only in point of commercial supremacy—or rather, it may almost be said, monopoly of ocean carriage—but also in actual profit earned and money brought into the United Kingdom from all the rest of the world. There seems to be a tendency to forget these notorious facts.

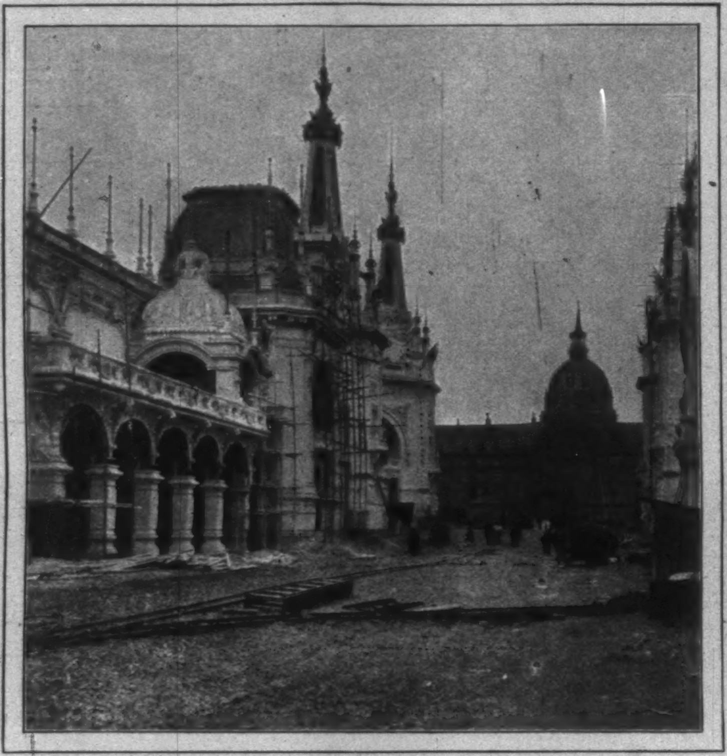
Now turn to American ship-building and see the reverse side of the picture. Just at the time when the metal ship-building supremacy began, our supremacy in the era of the wooden ship ended. The war of the rebellion wiped out the commercial fleet that we had, which was composed almost entirely of wooden vessels, both sail and steam. Some of the ships were bought by our own government; others were destroyed by Confederate privateers; the remainder were transferred to foreign flags and put under foreign management in order to avoid capture. By the time the war ended, the business of owning and operating ships in the United States had ceased to exist. No effort was made to resurrect it. There was no demand for new ships, because all the people who had previously owned and operated ships had gone out of the business, or their companies were disorganized or broken up by the war, and the English and, to a less extent, other foreigners had secured under their neutral flags during the war such a perfect monopoly of sea-carrying trade that nobody was willing to undertake a contest with them under the conditions then prevailing. Then, as if to stamp out the last spark of life in American ship-building, the government adopted the policy of doing what naval work it had to do in its own navy-yards; therefore, so far as the seaboard was concerned, there was absolutely no demand for American-built ships except in the coasting trade, which, in these years, was done almost exclusively in old wooden hulks that had survived the war. So we have before us the two conditions—British ship-building promoted, aided, and encouraged by the most lavish system of government patronage on a most colossal scale, and American ship-building choked to death by the reaction of the same causes that had promoted that of Great Britain.

Now what is the country losing by this backwardness of its ship-building industries? Before I go into details let me state that no country can successfully own and operate ships that cannot build them. This proposition has been disputed, and it has been argued that it made no difference how or where ships were obtained, the possession of them would create and maintain a merchant marine, irrespective of home ship-building. But it is hardly worth while to waste time in refuting this fallacy. Assuming it to be admitted that it is desirable to maintain home ship-building in an effective and prosperous condition, I will pass on to explain the part which the American ship-builder must play in any genuine and permanent revival of our merchant marine. The only sure guide to practical truth is the lessons of history, or, in one word, experience. We see that Great Britain, the greatest ship-owning nation in existence, is also the greatest ship-building nation in existence. She has reached a point at which her yearly imports exceed her exports by the enormous sum of $780,000,000. To meet this deficit Great Britain must either earn an equal amount as the great common carrier for the rest of the world, or she must treat her accumulated cash capital itself as revenue and draw on her hoarded principal. Let us see how Great Britain makes up for her vast adverse balance of trade by her earnings as the common carrier of the world. Her 7,310,000 tons of steam merchant shipping earns annually $500,000,000; her sailing fleet, $130,000,000; and the profits on banking, commissions, and insurance, all of which inevitably follow the flag, amount to $68,200,000—a grand total of $698,200,000. This alone nearly wipes out the adverse balance previously shown as between actual imports and exports.

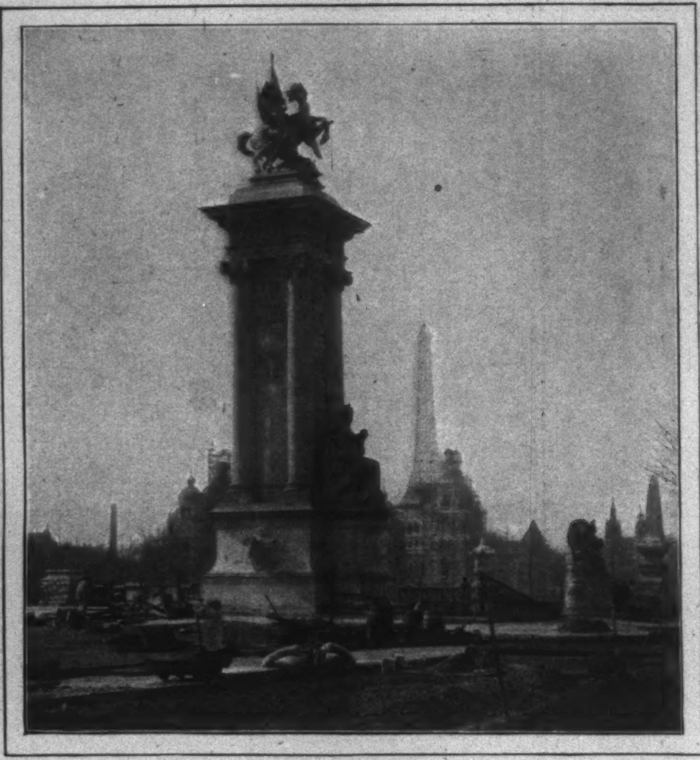
Of this colossal revenue, greater than that of any empire that ever existed, the United States contributes a little more than two-fifths directly; or, in other words, the producers and consumers of the United States pay to British ship-owners not less than $280,000,000 a year as the common carriers of their commerce to and from all parts of the world.

Without a merchant marine of their own the American people must continue to pay this tribute indefinitely. For this drain there is no recompense. It is sheer loss. The foreign ship-owner who carries our over-sea commerce makes us pay the freight both ways. For our exports we get the foreign market price less the freight. For our imports we pay the foreign market price plus the freight.

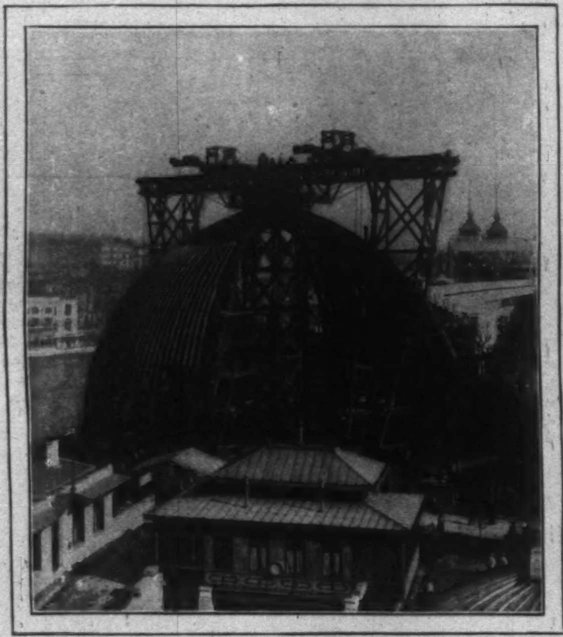
The remedy is in the hands of Congress. American-built ships of any grade or class must cost from 15 per cent. to 20 or 25 per cent. more than British-built vessels, ton for ton of registry and class for class of rating. Manifestly, therefore, no person in any business whose product costs him at the rate of one and a quarter can compete with any other person in the same line of industry whose product costs him at the rate of only one. This perfectly simple and altogether fundamental fact renders absurd all efforts to argue that the ship-building industry could exist in the United States if exposed without let or hinderance to the competition of British ship-building in its own market. If America is to keep at home some part at least of the millions sucked out of this country by foreign ship-owners and ship-builders, the ship-owning and ship-building industries must be protected and encouraged here as they are in Great Britain and Germany. Struggling as the American ship-builder is, under the conditions of dearer labor and greater exactions of material and workmanship as compared with foreign competitors, it is absolutely necessary that the policy adopted by the two nations I have referred to should be adopted by our government. Only in that way can the drain of American gold which flows into English pockets through her monopoly of our ocean transportation be stopped.



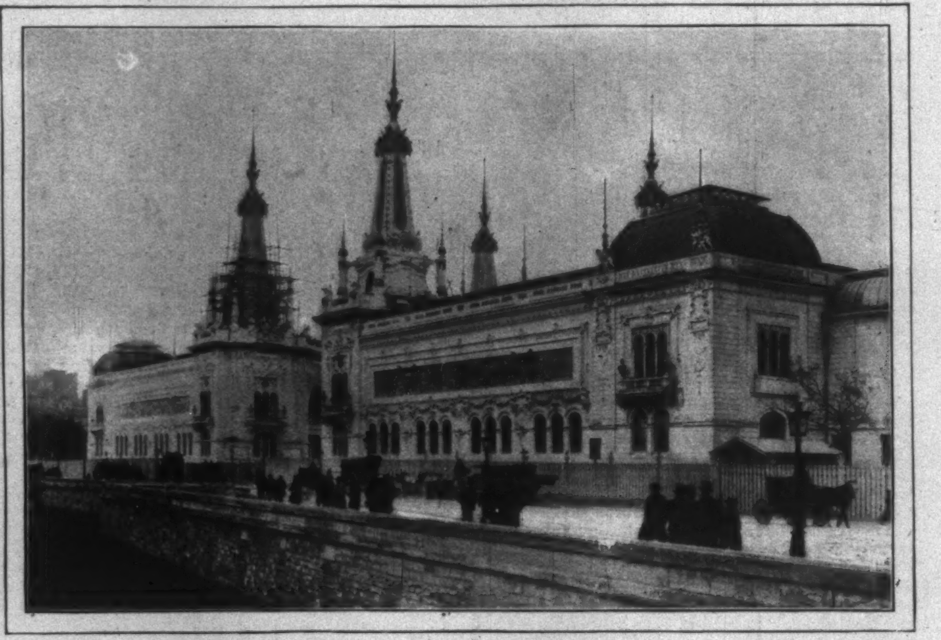
VIEW OF ESPLANADE DES INVALIDES, LOOKING TOWARD THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.



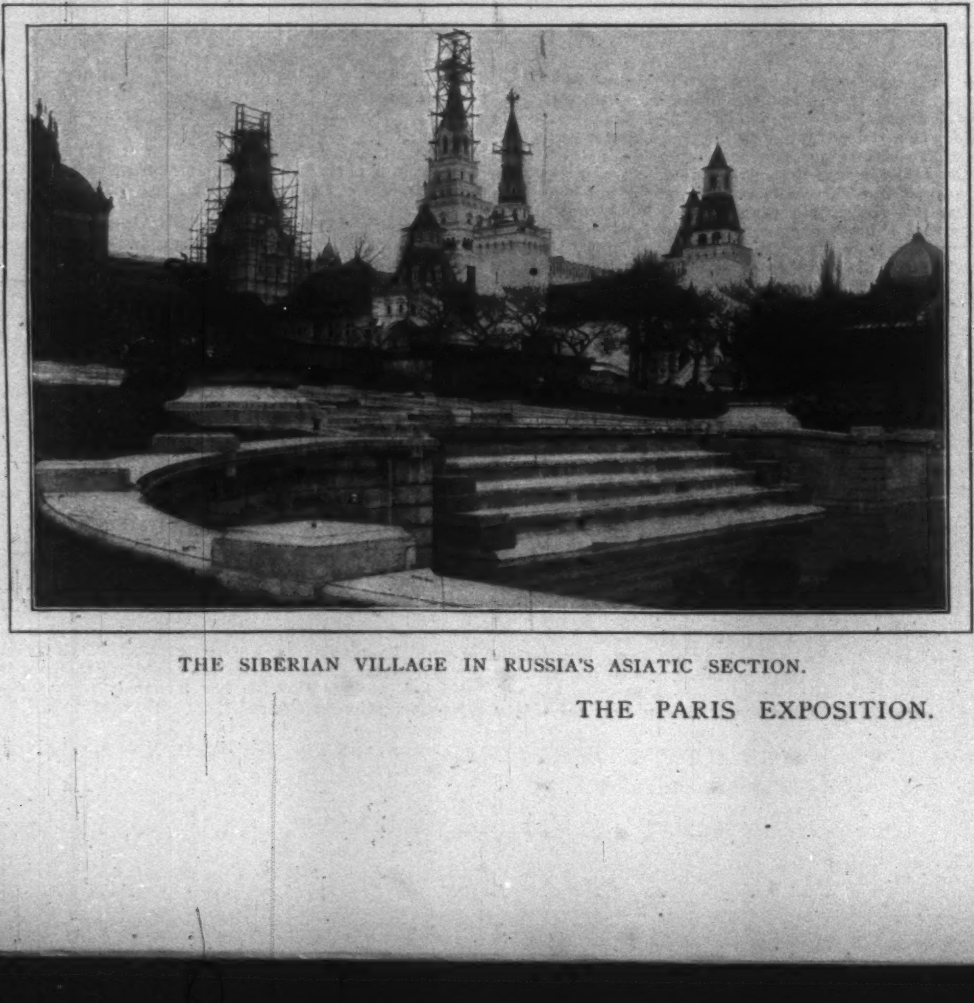
THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEW ALEXANDER III. BRIDGE.



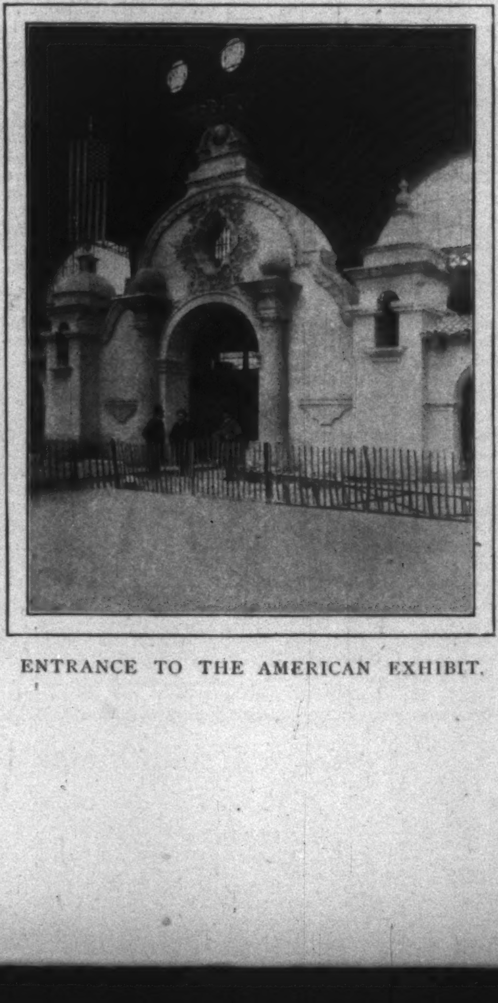
DOME OF THE STRUCTURE THAT WILL CONTAIN THE EXHIBIT OF THE CREUSOT IRON-WORKS.



THE PALACE OF FURNITURE AND DECORATION.



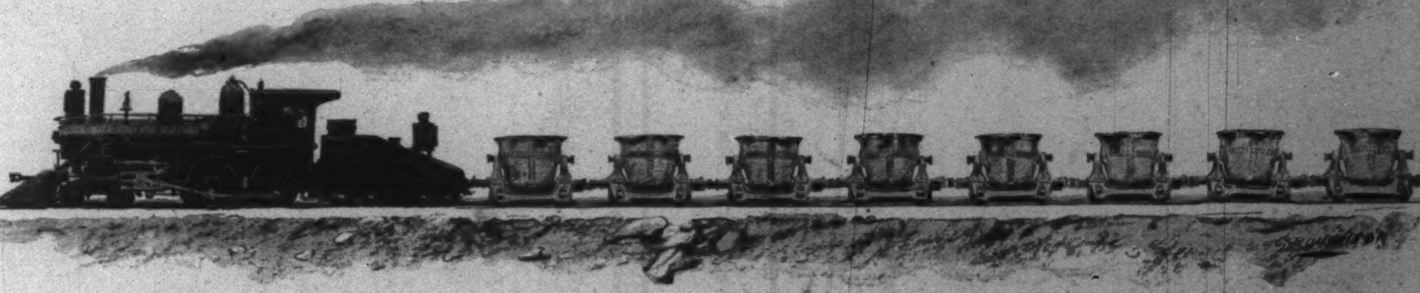
THE SIBERIAN VILLAGE IN RUSSIA'S ASIATIC SECTION.



ENTRANCE TO THE AMERICAN EXHIBIT.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

The BAROMETER of BUSINESS



By RAY STANNARD BAKER

JAY GOULD always watched pig-iron; if it went up he was a bull; if it went down he was a bear. The millions which he left are the best evidence of the shrewdness of his judgment. And now, far more than in Jay Gould's time, the production of iron and steel has become the fundamental industry. Prosperity always means the movement of immense quantities of commodities from one part of the world to another. Without steel and iron the enormous movements of wheat, cotton, corn, lumber, and coal, such as the world now looks upon with the calmness of familiarity, would be an utter impossibility. The world's traffic by land is now the work of steel locomotives, drawing cars largely or wholly of steel over a steel road. On the sea the steel ship has almost superseded the ancient wooden hulk, and has made possible a vessel of a size hitherto unimagined; the water-supply of every great city is pumped by steel engines through miles of iron piping; the greatest bridges are of steel; the greatest buildings are of steel; all the armies and navies of the world are armed and fight with steel; the farmer turns his furrow, sows his crop, and reaps his harvest with steel machinery, and steel and iron tools fashion the world's manufactured commodities. As a consequence, the slightest stirring to activity in any of the branches of human industry at once affects the iron-master. Does the farmer raise a larger crop than usual? Then the railroads must buy more steel locomotives and cars to move it, the flour-mills more steel machinery to grind it, the shipper more steel ships and steel engines to export it, the farmer himself more steel implements to sow a larger crop for another year.

This is exactly what happened in the years 1898 and 1899. There were enormous crops of wheat in 1897 and 1898, and instantly the iron business began to boom and still continues to boom. And the greatness of this boom is the surest evidence of the greatness of the country's prosperity. One rises or falls exactly in ratio with the other.

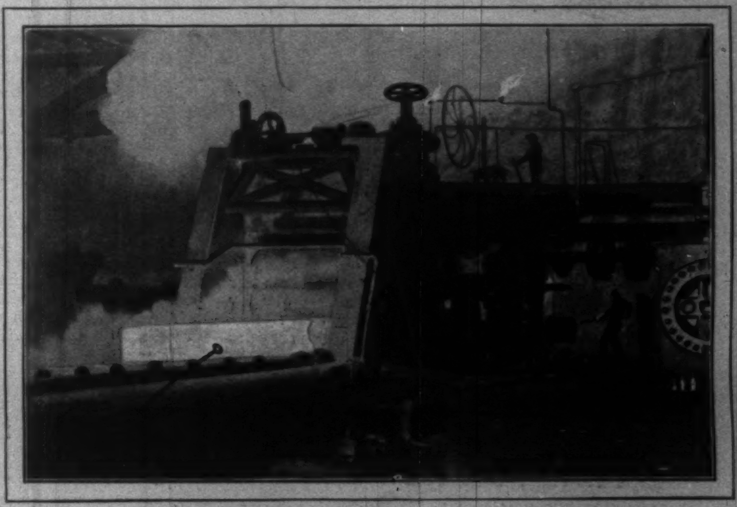
In the light of this fact the figures showing the amazing increases during 1899 in the prices and production of steel and iron are significant enough. On December 8, 1898, the price of Bessemer pig-iron at Pittsburg was $10 65 per ton. Up to February, 1899, it had increased only 35 cents, and then the boom began. At first the increase was only $1 a month, then $2, then $3, until on October 1, 1899, the price was $24 a ton, and on December 1, 1899, $25 a ton. Here is the showing:

February 1, 1899	$11 per ton.
December 1, 1899	25 "
Gain in ten months	$14 "

It will be seen that the price of Bessemer pig-iron more than doubled in ten months, and what is true of pig-iron applied also to finished steel. Steel billets leaped from $15 a ton in December, 1898, to $34 in December, 1899. In the same time steel rails went from $19 to $35. Nails, stoves, and nearly everything else made of steel or iron saw the same astonishing rises; cut nails, for instance, jumping from $1 10 to $2 45 in a single year.

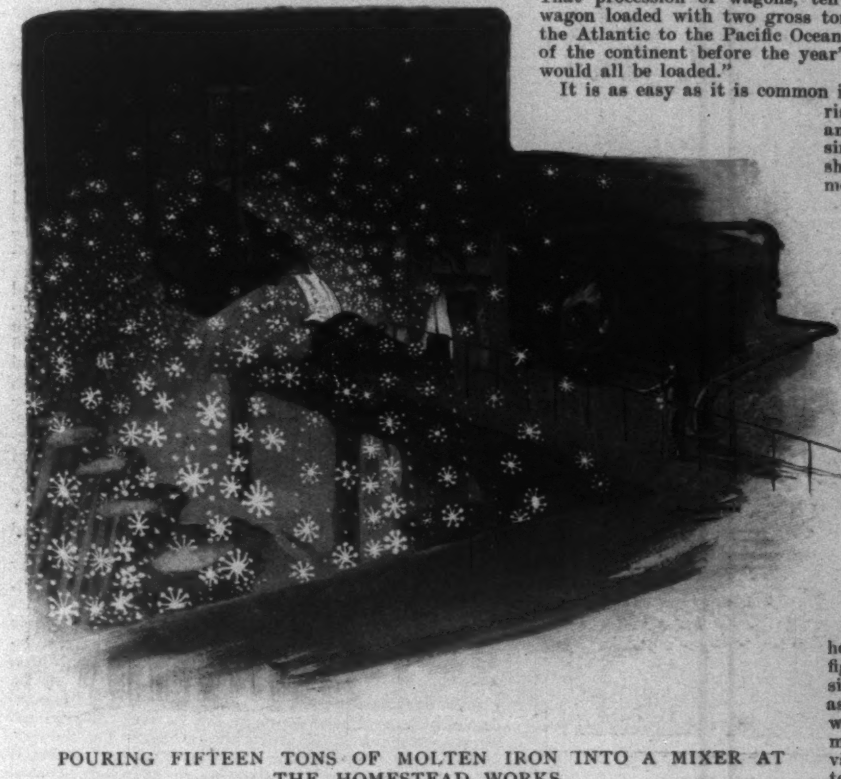
These increases were not on account of short production, of combination of capital, or of any other cause except the general prosperity of the country. For never in the history of the nation was there such an enormous output of steel and iron products; and yet the larger the supply, apparently, the more rapidly rose the prices. In 1898 the production of pig-iron was nearly 11,800,000 tons, while in 1899 it actually increased nearly 2,000,000 tons, the total being about 13,700,000 tons. It is difficult to realize the meaning of such an amount of iron. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Vanderlip has tried to make it plain by the following interesting comparison:

"Let us suppose," he says, "that the product were loaded on wagons—two gross tons to the load—and a procession of teams thus loaded started, ten abreast. That procession of wagons, ten teams abreast, each wagon loaded with two gross tons, would reach from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean at the broadest part of the continent before the year's product of pig-iron would all be loaded."



ROLLING A STEEL INGOT INTO A SLAB.

It is as easy as it is common in America to lay the rise of prices to trusts and combinations. A single incident will show in a rather humorous light how combination set itself to regulate the steel prices of 1899, and how combination came against prosperity to its utter demolition. When the price of Bessemer billets reached $18 a ton on its way upward, the great iron - masters were so highly pleased and so fearful of another slump into the depths of low prices that a number of them came together and pledged themselves to hold the price at that figure as long as possible. What was their astonishment, therefore, when on the following month prices had advanced over a dollar a ton, and within a year steel billets had actually sold for over $40 a ton, with an immense business doing at a few dollars less. And thus one capitalistic combination went to tatters because it could not maintain a price of $18 a ton for steel billets when the demand said $40 a ton.



POURING FIFTEEN TONS OF MOLTEN IRON INTO A MIXER AT THE HOMESTEAD WORKS.

Blast-furnaces, long out of use, have been reconstructed and new ones have been built, and the number now in blast gives evidence in another way of the prosperity in iron and steel. The *Iron Age* prepared this valuable list, showing the growth in the output capacity of the iron-master:

	Furnaces in Blast.	Capacity per Week i Gross Tons.
September 1, 1897	161	185,50
September 1, 1898	186	213,04
September 1, 1899	257	267,33
One month later, 1899	265	278,65

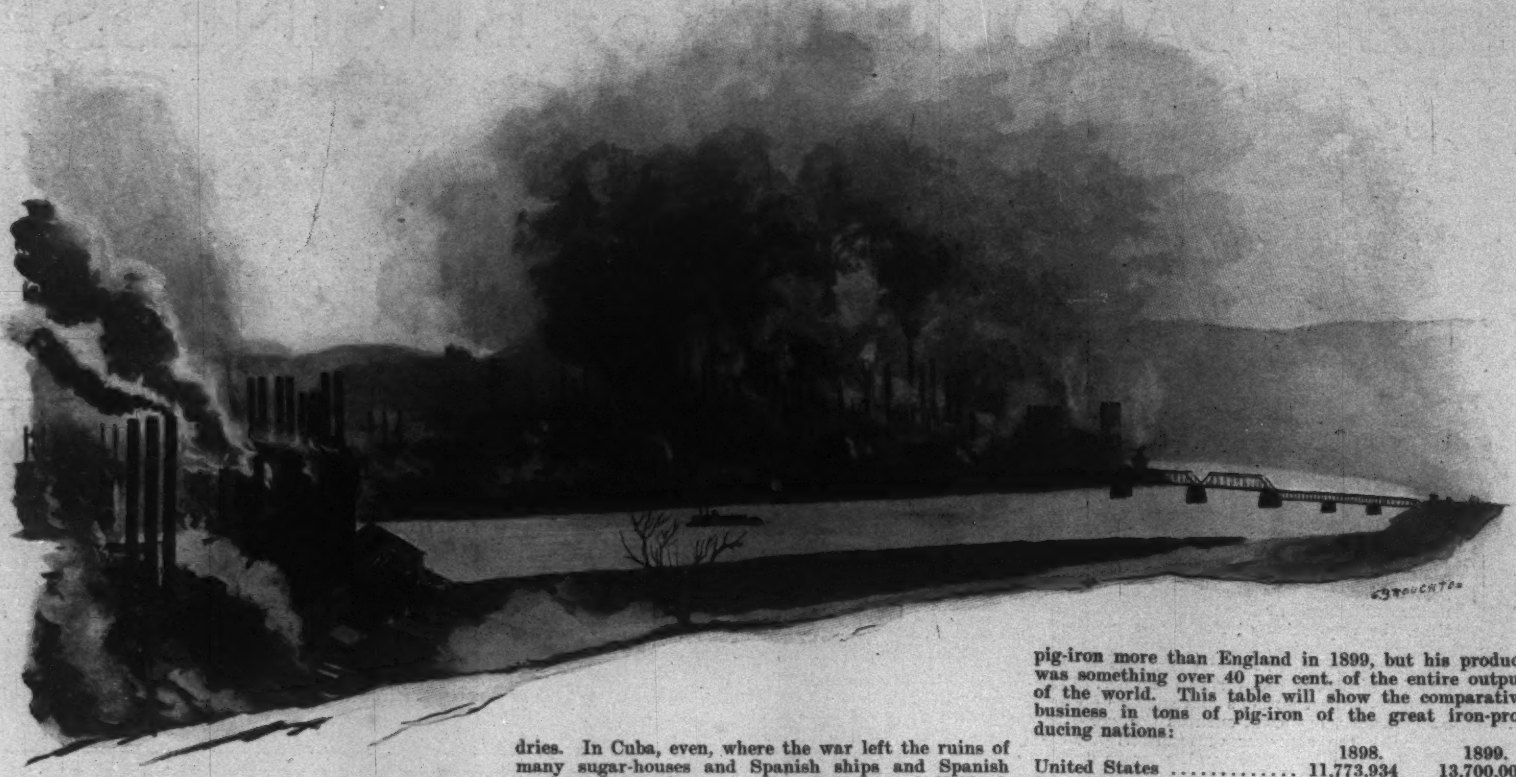
It will be seen from this table that during the year following September 1, 1897, the capacity of furnaces increased at the rate of over 27,000 tons a week, the next year at 54,000 tons a week, and then in the single month of September, 1899, it jumped 11,000 tons a week. In two years' time the number of furnaces in blast increased by nearly 100—certainly an unprecedented record.

Indeed, so good an authority as Mr. Archer Brown asserts that all the ore-mines, blast-furnaces, steel-works, and rolling-mills in the United States actually doubled in value between January 1, 1899, and January 1, 1900.

"The enormous influence of such appreciation on the business of the country," he says, "is too obvious to need argument. It is felt by the railroads, the banks, and the general trade. Iron is the thermometer, if not the barometer, of the country's business, and when the manufacturing of iron in different forms is so unprofitable as to vastly depreciate the value of mines and mills, it is safe to say that prosperity in other lines is yet a long way off."

Another evidence of the enormous business of the iron-master in 1899 may be found in the bank clearings of that great iron and steel centre, Pittsburg. Whereas New York increased only 44.8 per cent. during the year, and made much of such an unprecedented record, and Boston went up 30.6 per cent., and Chicago less than 20 per cent., Pittsburg increased nearly 57 per cent., leading every other city in America, and dangerously threatening the title of St. Louis to the fifth place among American banking centres. The total clearings of Pittsburg banks in 1899 reached the vast sum of $1,528,000,000—a billion and a half.

The sudden rises in the price of steel, so absolutely unexpected, even by the Jay Goulds of finance, let alone the steel men themselves, have resulted in a good many amusing but instructive incidents. So eager were the steel manufacturers to be sure of business in 1899, and



THE HOMESTEAD WORKS.

so little did they realize what a boom was coming, that early in the year the railroads made contracts with some of them for large quantities of steel rails for track renewals at prices ranging from $16 to $18 a ton. Before these could be delivered, however, up went the prices, and the quotations for old steel and scrap-iron which could be worked over in the mills followed those of new material. Therefore it happened that some of the railroads pulled up their old and worn-out rails, and, in one instance, actually sold them for $22 a ton, relaying their tracks with the best quality of new rails, engaged under contract for $17 a ton, thereby actually making a profit of $5 a ton besides acquiring a new roadway.

Just here it may be interesting to mention the fact that the junk-man and the boy who picks up coupling-pins made wonderful profits in 1899. Thousands of tons of old iron were thus saved and sent to the foundries. In Cuba, even, where the war left the ruins of many sugar-houses and Spanish ships and Spanish trochas, the junk-man was an important individual. In a trip which I made over the island in October and November, 1899, I saw him everywhere. He was wrecking twisted wheels and shafts at the sugar estates in Santa Clara, breaking down the rusty engines in the copper-mines at El Cobre, and bringing off the steel and copper from the Spanish wrecks at Santiago. And he had good reason to do so when old iron rails in Philadelphia had advanced from $12 50 a ton in December, 1898, to $27 a year later, and when common steel scrap had risen in the same time from $7 75 to $18 a ton. Even the old cannon in the navy-yard at Boston, some of which have lain undisturbed since the civil war, have been sent off to the melting-pot, with the solid shot of the arsenal following them.

The American has now become the greatest of the world's iron-masters. That proud distinction was held by England until comparatively recent years, and it was not long ago that the United States was buying and importing the larger proportion of its iron and steel from abroad. But now all that is past. The American not only produced over 4,000,000 tons of pig-iron more than England in 1899, but his product was something over 40 per cent. of the entire output of the world. This table will show the comparative business in tons of pig-iron of the great iron-producing nations:

	1898.	1899.
United States	11,773,934	13,700,000
Great Britain	8,800,000	9,565,736
Germany	7,402,000	8,216,000
Russia	2,187,661	2,700,000
Belgium	981,000	1,004,570

And this supremacy has been attained in the face of the fact that the foreign iron-masters have seen almost as much improvement in demand and in prices as has the American. When Abram S. Hewitt, of New York, twenty years ago, prophesied a production of 15,000,000 tons of pig-iron in 1900, he was looked upon with smiling incredulity; now it is deemed more than probable that 1900 will considerably exceed a 15,000,000 ton production. Increases in pig-iron mean exactly proportionate increases in all kinds of manufactured products of steel and iron.

In another way the American shows his supremacy. Besides being the greatest producer of iron, he is also the greatest consumer, and this consumption is increasing every year at an enormous rate. For instance, statistics show that in 1856, if the iron used had been equally divided among every man, woman, and child in the country, each would have had 117 pounds; in 1890 this per capita distribution had increased to 300 pounds, and in 1899 to 385 pounds. In 1890 England used only 250 pounds per capita, compared with America's 300; France and Germany and Belgium used 175 pounds each; and Sweden used 100 pounds. Nothing could better show the growth of the United States in the comforts and luxuries of life.

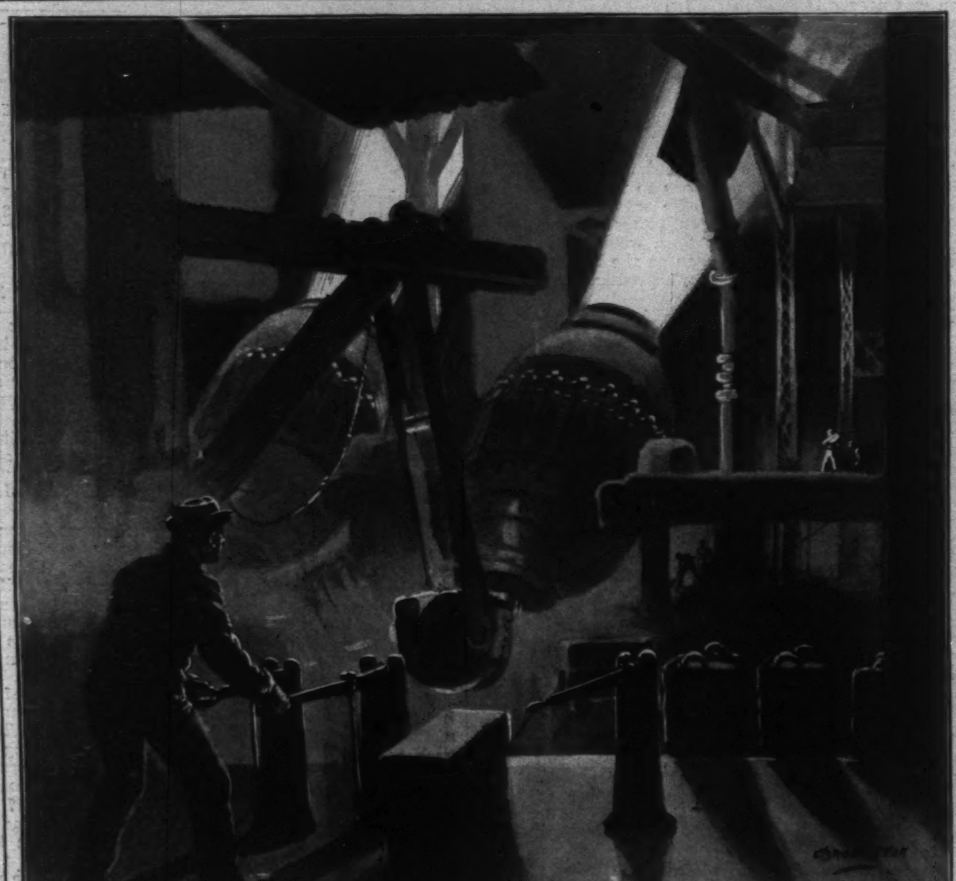
The great prosperity of the iron and steel industry has naturally brought prosperity to the iron-mines and to the transportation lines between the mines and the furnaces. For many years Pennsylvania was the greatest of the States in iron ore, but of recent years the Lake Superior mines have far outdistanced any others in the world—a fact that may not be generally known. Of a total of 25,000,000 tons of ore consumed last year, the great mines of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan produced over 18,000,000 tons, the mines of Alabama and the South produced 5,000,000 tons, while Pennsylvania, Ohio, and other States taken together only put out a little over 2,000,000 tons. And these wonderful Northwestern mines are apparently all but inexhaustible, whole hills being made up of ore so that it can be scooped out with steam-shovels at a trifling cost. But even the products of these great mines, transported by the ships of the Great Lakes, could not supply the demand for iron ore in 1899, and so, as may not be generally known, the American iron-master imported ore from Greece, Algeria, Spain, Newfoundland, and quantities from Cuba.

Notwithstanding the present volume of the iron and steel industry, ten years ago it was comparatively undeveloped. At that time the cost of iron products in America was higher than in England or Germany, and we were importing large quantities of both raw and finished materials. In 1889 our exports, for instance, were only $21,000,000, compared with $42,000,000 imports. In ten years the proportions were exactly reversed, and instead of importing more than we exported, we sold in 1899 nearly $100,000,000 worth of iron products abroad and bought only $12,000,000. And yet one of the best authorities on the iron industry remarks:

"We have really made no serious attempt to extend our foreign trade."

The terrible years of depression from 1893 to 1897 came as a blessing to the iron industry. Again quoting Mr. Archer Brown:

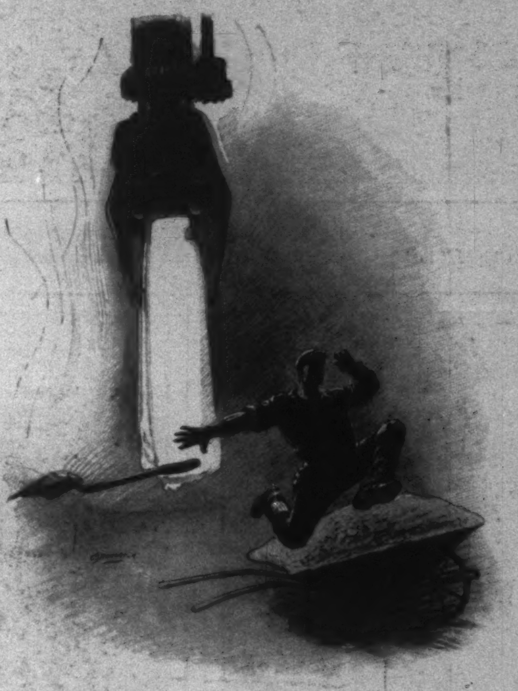
"Mechanically as well as commercially the whole industry underwent a revolution in those years. Necessity not only compelled economies, but aroused American energy and ingenuity, and forced better processes of manufacture. Those who still had capital to do with, and confidence in the future, replaced old plants with new, built everything stronger and heavier, and on most modern lines. Resources of raw materials were developed, and transportation problems worked



BESSEMER STEEL CONVERTERS AT THE HOMESTEAD WORKS.

out. At the end of the lean years, therefore, the American iron trade had been stripped of every element of weakness, and was in splendid position to take advantage of the changed times that were to come. The terrible years of depression had been a blessing in disguise. It was demonstrated beyond a doubt that with our natural resources we could produce, when necessary, nearly every form of iron and steel in this country at a cost so low that we could lay the products down in England, Germany, and other Continental countries and undersell the home makers. The whole industry was thus put on a new and sure foundation."

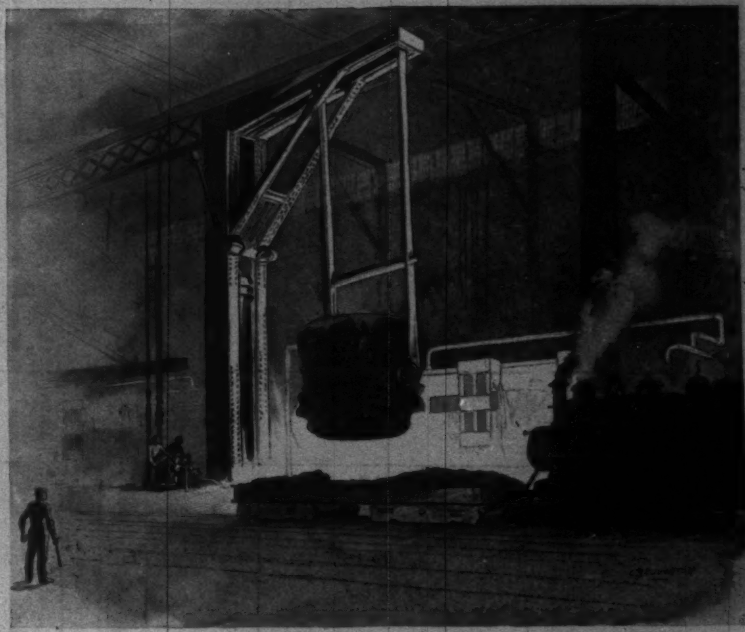
And thus we find the staid old London *Economist* saying, with evident surprise:



FAMILIARITY WITH HOT STEEL DOES NOT BREED CONTEMPT.

"In 1896 a most remarkable incident occurred in our relations with America, for in that year the United States began to export iron and steel, not only to this country, but to other parts of the world."

Not long afterward we find the Englishman still further astonished and alarmed by the purchases by English railroads of American locomotives, by the building of the Atbara bridge in Africa—a contract taken fairly from the hands of an English firm—by the heavy purchases of locomotives and machinery for the Trans-Siberian railroad, and later still by the sale for the first time of American locomotives in France. During October, 1899, the Baldwin Locomotive Works turned out no fewer than four locomotives a day, the total throughout the country for the year being 2473, the largest in the history of the United States—and this number does not include locomotives made in regular railroad shops.



LADLE CONTAINING FIFTY TONS OF MOLTEN STEEL BEING PLACED ON A CONVEYING-CAR.

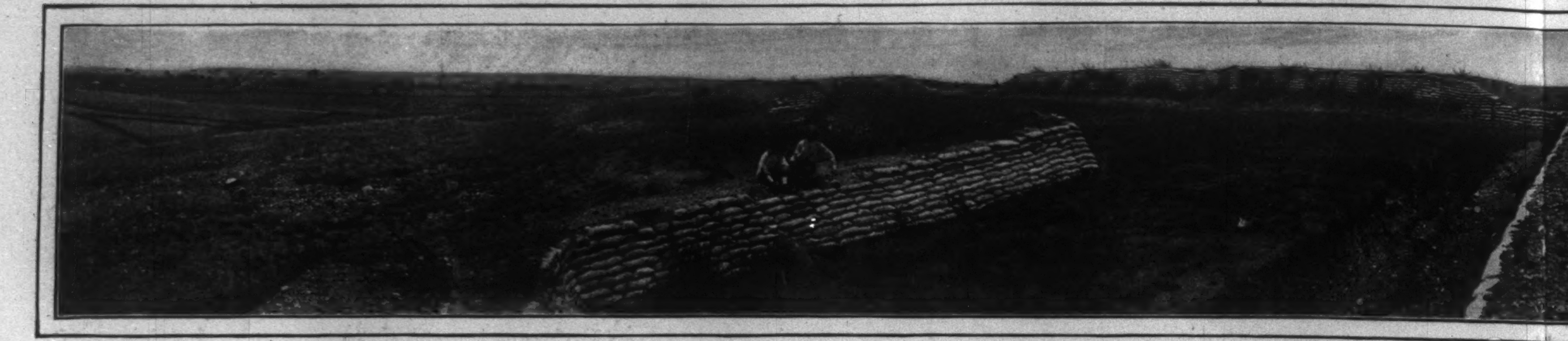
And the promise, at this writing, for the further great activity and prosperity of the iron industry was never better. Many great enterprises are planned to go forward—new railroads, new bridges, new tunnels, new office buildings, new ships are to be built, and the home demand is only sharper than the foreign demand. Says so good an authority as C. Kirchhoff, editor of the *Iron Age:*

"We have had booms before, but none of them has had the staying power of this one."

Indeed, the boom in steel, according to the experts of the trade, is to be one of many years, warranting vast expenditures for improved machinery, simply because the world is steel-hungry and will be so for years.

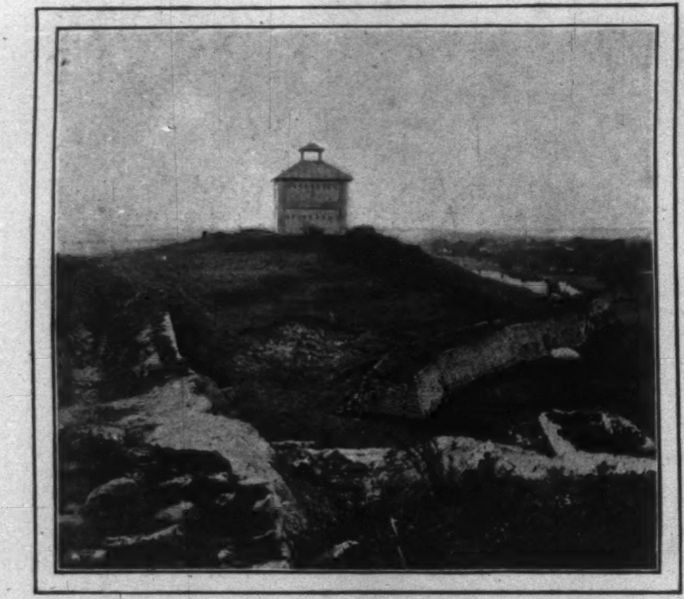
Probably the most promising new field for conquest by this vast industry will be that of American ship-building. Many causes are at work to create anew this industry in which the United States once excelled. This country is becoming a creditor nation, seeking opportunities to invest money. Three things especially have retarded ship-building here: the cost of steel, the cost of labor, the slightly increased cost of running American ships over ships of other nations. Steel can now be made cheaper here than in England; labor is more costly, but produces more in a given time. Even if the bounty law is not passed by Congress, it is within reason to expect a renewal of the making of ships in Yankeeland; with the bounty as an artificial aid, ship-yard activity on a large scale is a practical certainty. The creation of a new navy has already established plants and, better yet, trained men to do this work. No more desirable objective point can be found for the steel that a country produces than its own ship-yards. When they are in a thriving condition a story of national independence is being told in industrial form. The revival of our merchant marine will mean prosperity on an unparalleled scale.

THE DUQUESNE STEEL-WORKS AT NIGHT.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF A NOTABLE SECTION

This is the Redoubt "Chipré," looking North; it lies Northeast of Guanabacoa. The Embrasures on

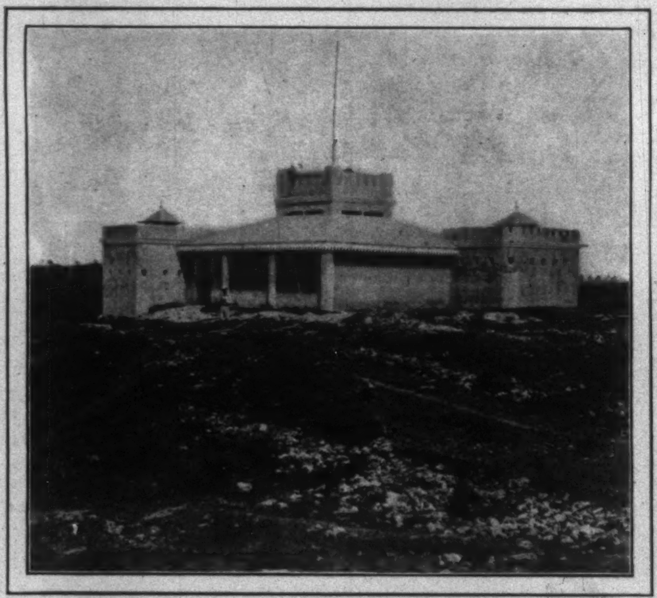


THE REDOUBT "ROSARIO," SOUTH OF GUANABACOA.

MILITARY ROAD LEADING FROM HAVANA TO GUINES.

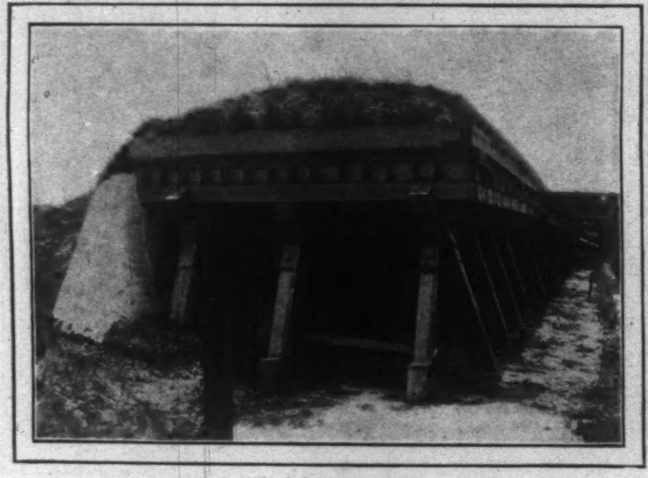
ENTRANCE TO BOMB-PROOF

EXTERIOR DITCH OF THE REDOUBT "BELLO."

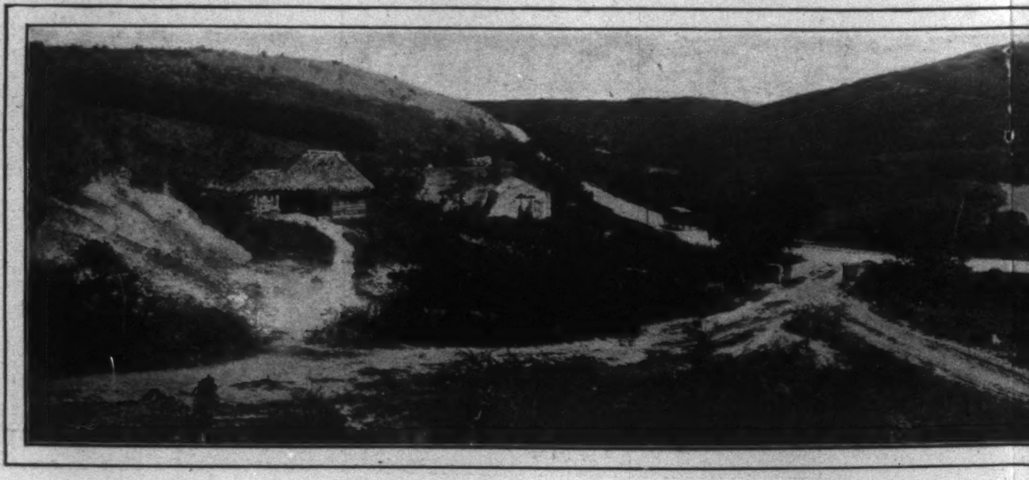


BRICK BLOCK-HOUSE AT VENTO SPRINGS.

THE REDOUBT "R



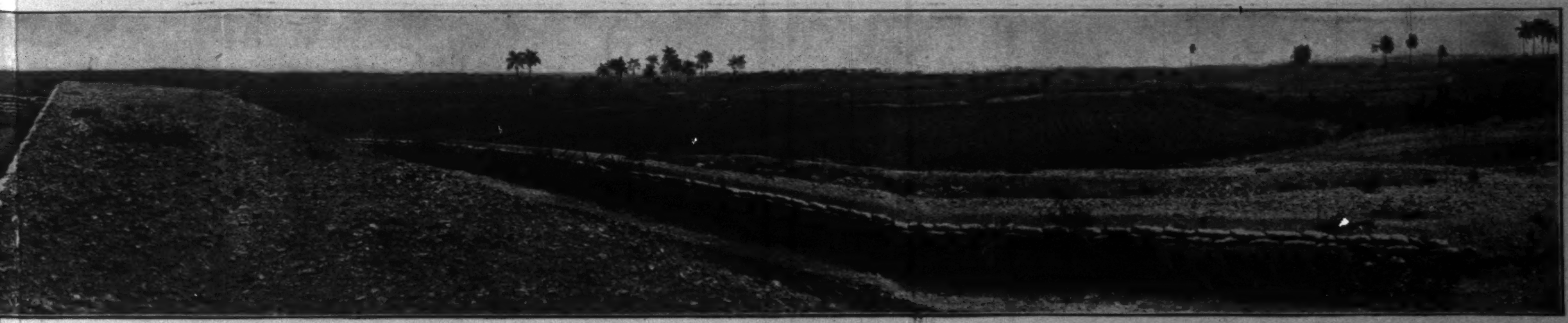
CASEMATE IN THE REDOUBT "EL MAZO."



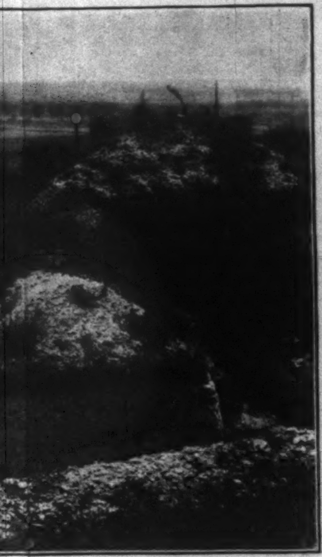
REDOUBT "SAN PEDRO," ON TH

THE LAND DEFEN

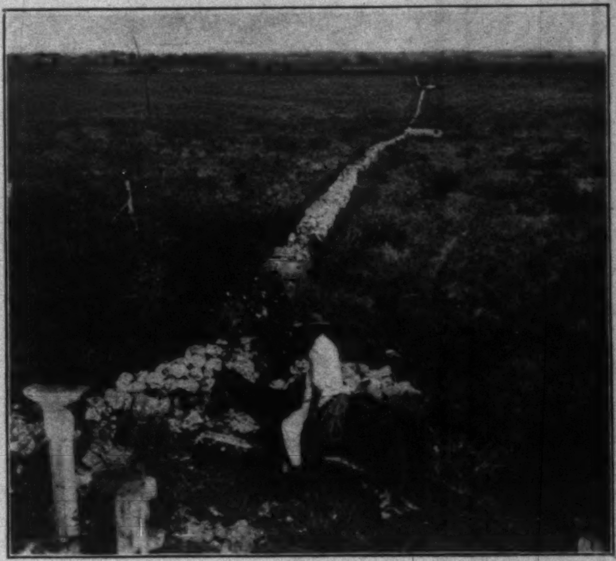
AS DEVELOPED BY RECENT SURVEYS MADE BY THE UNITED S



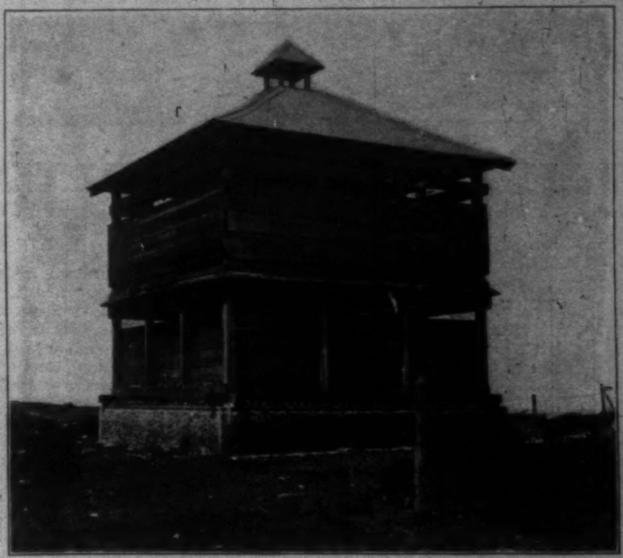
ON OF THE LAND DEFENCES OF HAVANA.
es on the Parapet are for Machine-guns. This is a striking Example of a defended Exterior Ditch.



ROOF REDOUBT “EL MAZO.”



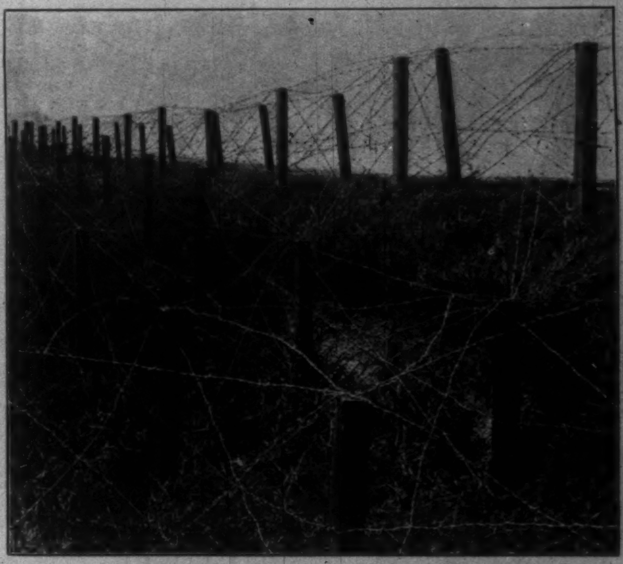
DEFENCES OF THE ZONE OF CULTIVATION.



FRAME OF A TWO-STORY SPANISH BLOCK-HOUSE.

ST “RIO HONDO.”

AN EXAMPLE OF DOUBLE TRENCHES.



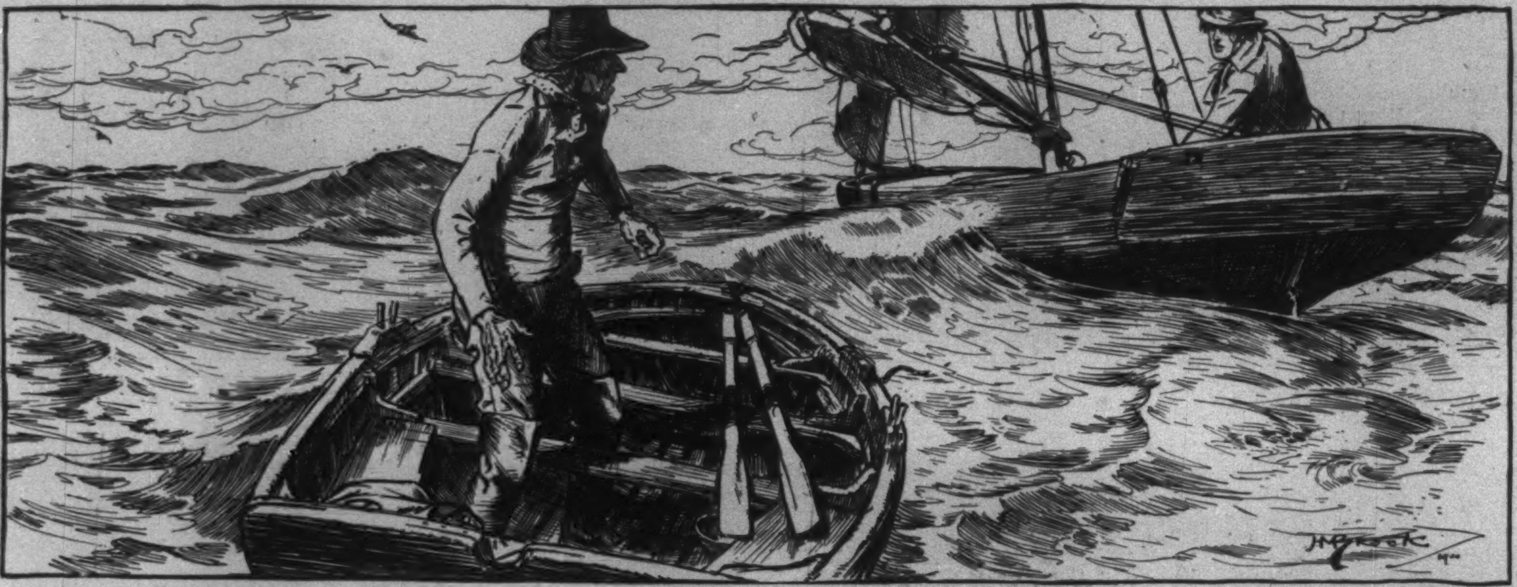
TYPICAL BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENT.

ON THE HILL IN THE CENTRE.

SEGMENT OF HAVANA'S MAIN SYSTEM OF DEFENCE.

ENCES OF HAVANA

D STATES ENGINEER CORPS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. E. DOTY.—[SEE PAGE 374]



CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND.[*]

By H. B. Marriott Watson

CHAPTER III

THE HOME OF THE CARMICHAELS

THE village of Marlock was stretched upon a little flat which stood open to the sea, between two ranges of high cliffs. This gap in those defences of the sea-wall was, indeed, the bottom of the combe where it ran out upon the sea-shore, spreading fanlike in act. Behind, the combe was clothed with wood and farmlands to the edge of the moorland above, but the space in which the village had grown was barren of all save grass and sand, and some small bushes. The salt winds from the open sea swept it and drove back the vegetation among the friendly valleys; dwarf scrubs cowered in the hollows of the tussock-covered dunes; and creeping plants lived furtively and bred among the ranker grasses. Upon any day save that of high summer, the place wore a desolate and dreary look, with its white houses gleaming in the eye of the sun, the gray expanse of flat, and the yellow dunes that rolled upwards into the heights of the north. It was a cold spot, too, where the sea-winds broke into the gap and fled shrieking up the combe as though escaping from fiercer spirits out at sea, or, maybe, pursuing something in their turn, even into the warm bosom of the land. Upon the southern side of the village the cliffs rose swiftly to a great height, running hurriedly out into the water half a mile or more, and terminating in a promontory against which the huge waves threshed all day and all night in the tempestuous seasons.

Indeed, this cape was always at war; the broken water about it was never silent, but grumbled and tossed even in the gentlest weather; and the wind snapped in and out of the caves that the tides had worn through many ages. On the stillest day these winds were screaming, no doubt because of reverberations among the many hollows of the rocks; and though the water was at peace the tide could be heard sucking in the holes below, and drawing off and returning with a moaning, seething, sound that was not comfortable to the ears. Yet this great wall served to protect Marlock upon one side from the fiercer gales. Out of the village itself you might descend upon a reach of fore-shore which ran northwards for a mile, under the great dunes. These were precipitous towards the sea, and covered with the coarse grasses that inhabit such soil. But as the land ran to the north it sloped outwards into the ocean, which fell away, and fell away before the advancing dunes until a second point concluded the movement, and stood up like its southern fellow to the assaults and investments of the elements. Marlock thus lay in an arc of the land, and huddled from these rough friends. The space between the village and the northern point was filled in with a great waste of dunes, mounting and descending, so that a man might wander there for days uncertain of his way. It was from these melancholy hills that the traveller's eye might fare still further with and strike the island of Lynsea.

The island lay beyond the point, and scarcely half a mile from it. It was embayed in a curve of the coast, and, thus protected, faced a piece of mainland that was bright and smiling with fields and hedges, and rich in trees. The country here, in fact, had quite another appearance, for the harsh winds did not reach these farms, which were as safe as in the refuges of a valley. The habitations in this tract of coast were sparse. It forbade and lowered on the cultivator. There was work, indeed, for fishermen when the weather served, and even now on this May afternoon a little fleet of boats stood at anchor off Marlock, their noses pointing from the land, and straining at the cables before a brisk, southerly wind.

Warburton had returned from his mission, the dead body of the unfortunate Shirley reposed in the vault in which his fathers lay, and now, that melancholy office concluded, his friend stood upon the black dunes and kept his gaze towards the island of the Carmichaels. Here the assassin (as Warburton held him to be) had sought refuge, and here he must be sought and brought to bay. The sun was shining warmly and the water was dancing merrily. It was of a deep blue, the color of lapis lazuli, but close to the shore the breakers showed their white heads, and a low thunder rose in the air. Warburton turned and walked in a leisurely fashion, yet as one whose mind is determined, towards the village. The dispirited prospect of the bare dunes did not affect him; he was not one that moved to the impressions of his environment. His sensibilities were dull, as dull as his senses were sharp; nay, rather they were grave and slow, and found no passage to his soul. The bland sea invited him, its treacherous flaws hardly discernible upon the immeasurable face of moving water. He descended into Marlock and passed to a group of fishermen who stood chatting by their boats.

"Which of you has a boat for hire?" he asked.

A sudden silence fell upon them, and none hastened to reply.

"Come," said Warburton. "I see a flotilla yonder, kicking at anchor. What's amiss with a job?"

"Where might you be going, sir?" enquired one of the fishermen.

"Oh, deuce take you! I have a mind for a sail. I offer good money," returned Warburton, impatiently.

The man cocked his eye at the sky. "It will be blowing later," he observed, reluctantly.

"Come, come; that's my business!" exclaimed Warburton, with asperity. "What is your price? Shall we say a guinea?"

The sum appeared to overcome the laziness or the distrust exhibited by this fellow, for he began to push his dinghey into the water. The others of the group exchanged glances, but were silent.

Warburton was in no way irritated by these signals between them. He stepped indifferently into the dinghey and was pulled out into the open water, where the fleet rode, rolling in the swell. The fisherman jumped aboard his boat, and set about hoisting the sail. This took him some time, and, meantime, Warburton sat in the stern watching. He had not missed the point of the reluctance with which his request had been granted. The anchor was already up and hung at the prow.

"There's your coat in there," said he, nodding to the dinghey, and the man, obeying the suggestion, stepped over the side into the smaller boat. Warburton threw off the painter, and pushed up the tiller. The boom flew over and the canvas cracked.

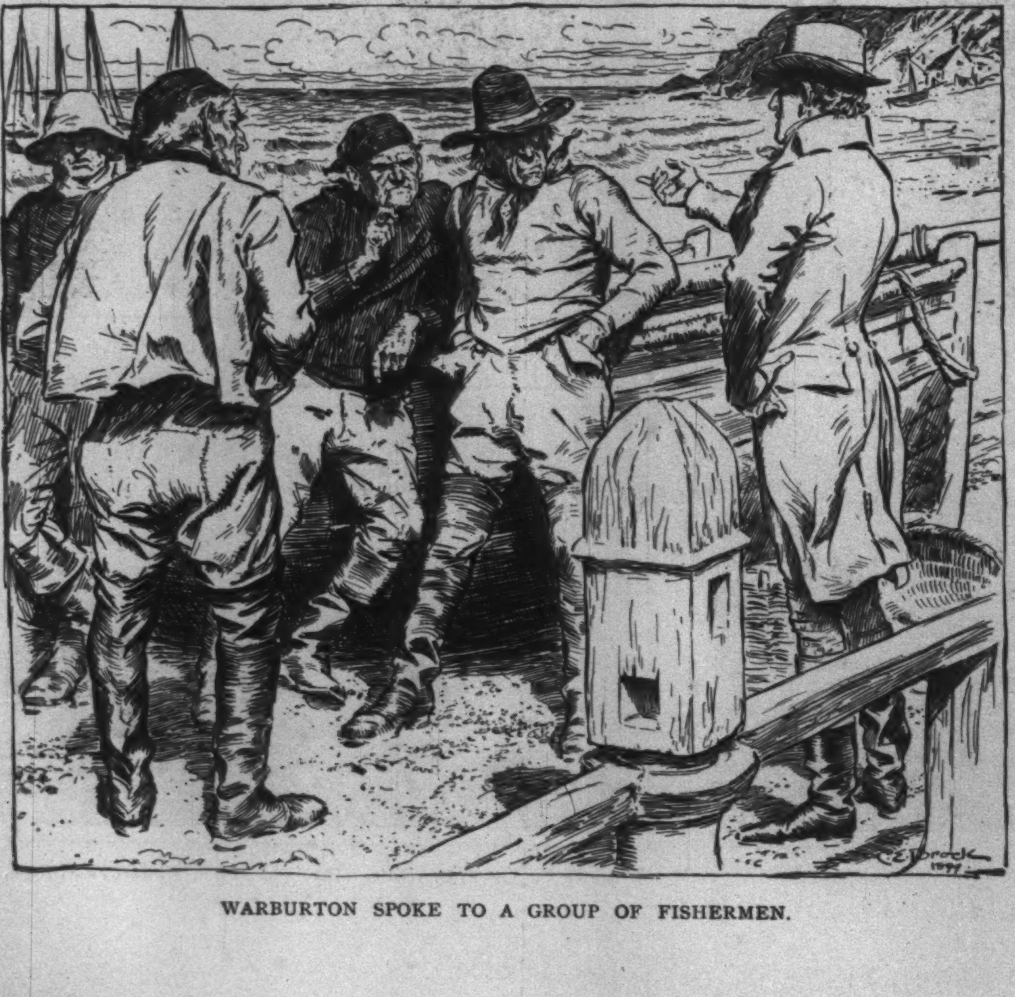
"Hi!" called the fisherman in alarm.

"No, my man; I want not your help," said Warburton. "I will manage the boat myself."

The space separating them widened swiftly. The man cried out between anger and amazement.

"Oh, go to the devil!" said Warburton imperturbably, and threw up the tiller. The freshening breeze struck him; she began to hum like a top; and, heeling over, flew out across the bar.

He laid the course towards the northern point round the corner of which the island of Lynsea was hidden. It was now three in the afternoon, and there were several hours before the fall of darkness. Warburton considered that he had time enough to carry out what he was come for. The wind took him abeam, and, whistling merrily, drove the cutter through the huge rollers of the open sea at a great pace. No time had passed when he turned the point at a safe distance and began to run down upon Lynsea under a



WARBURTON SPOKE TO A GROUP OF FISHERMEN.

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2259.

stiff breeze which was now full abaft. Warburton was not an expert sailor; to confess the truth, he knew very little about the sea; and what he did now he was accomplishing mainly by guess-work. The rudiments of navigation were vaguely appreciated. His mind floated about among them, very much as his boat now bobbed upon the tide that made for Lynsea. Yet when once his mind was set, nothing might turn this obstinate fellow. He had resolved to reach the island and make some investigations, and he would not go back until this object was effected. Yet, save to a sailor's eye, perhaps, there was nothing in the prospect of the sea to alarm. The sun grew warmer, the water brighter, and the cutter dipped her beak and galloped faster than ever. It was a pleasure to live in such a race, and the blood sprang more rapidly in Warburton's body—all his arteries pulsed with satisfaction. In a very little time he had slipped down upon the southwestern margin of the island. This was very rugged to the eyes, bearing the brunt, as it did, of the rough storms that blew along the coast. The cliffs were fully over a hundred feet in height, and descended sheer to the sea. They were naked, jagged, and misshapen—most stern and inhospitable guardians of that remote domain. As the wind bore Warburton closer his attention was caught by the figure of a woman upon the summit. He made this out to be a woman even at that distance by the skirts that were driven and blown with the wind. He fancied, too, that she held one arm to her hat, or it might be that she screened her eyes from the sinking sun in her seaward gaze. The current was spinning about the outlying rocks, drawing faster and faster under the wind; and even upon Warburton's unskilled mind it dawned at last that he was piloting among many perils. He spied beneath the green water a great stretch of blackness, which he guessed to mark a reef, yet with the wind and tide it was now too late to avoid the path. He kept the tiller firm, and she jumped gallantly to the danger, sheering into the open water with a little grinding sound below. At the same time he heard a voice crying above him, as it were out of heaven, and looking up, regardless of his rudder, he saw the woman upon the cliff, now nearer, still shaken and torn with the wrangling winds. He could not hear her words; they were lost in the roar; but guessed that she meant to warn him.

"What is the use?" said he, grumbling. "The devil is in this boat. She has taken the bit. They may warn me, but what I want is that some one shall catch and stop her."

In the nick of time he put the tiller round, and upon the verge of the great rocks at the foot of the cliff, where the waves were breaking white in a tireless, pitiless assault, the cutter stopped, turned, and with a kick slid past the point, and, backing into the new course, danced away for the Gut.

From here to the shoreward side the island stretched for about a mile, and it was upon this northern quarter that the house stood. The coast, though broken as upon the other faces, was low in parts and thickly wooded, and upon the slopes behind Warburton could see sheep and cattle. The tide still ran, for by an odd criss-cross of currents, due to winds and the configuration of the land, all the body of that water seemed to be posting hard for the channel which separated Lynsea from the mainland. In the Gut itself, as Warburton found afterwards, was a great race of seas, tumbling and tearing perpetually, with that quick current ever drawing towards the rocks. For this reason the narrow road to the mainland was rarely used; and there was another and a better reason which will appear later.

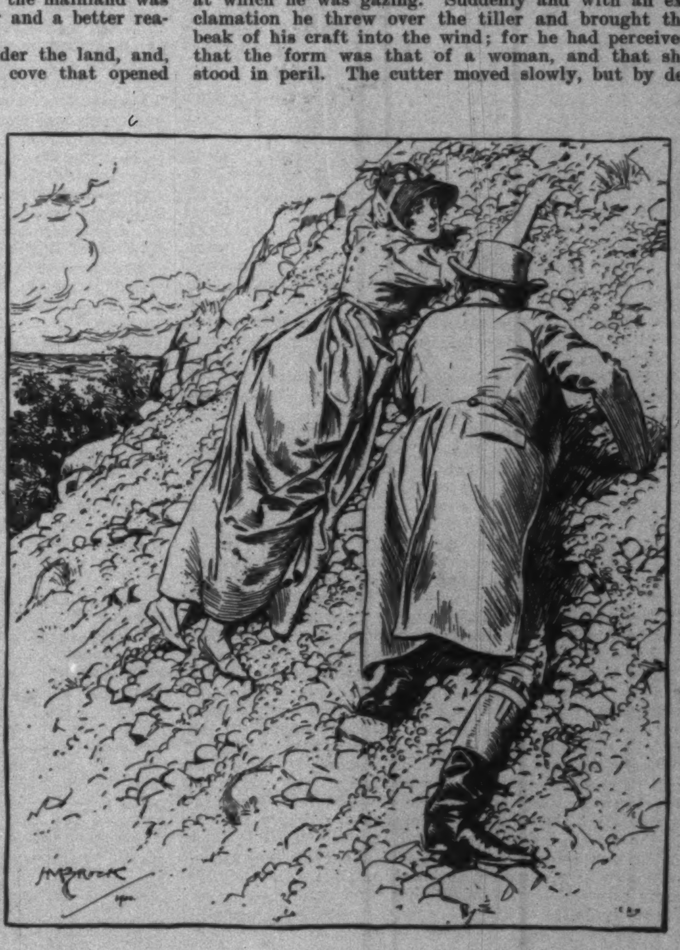
Warburton steered the cutter under the land, and, spying a pebbly beach in a little cove that opened pleasantly, he put her nose ashore. In a few minutes she had grounded, and he leaped out. Making the boat fast, he walked inland through a great grove of waving tamarisks. The path was twisted and closely beset, so that he could not see to what he was advancing; and the house burst upon his view with the suddenness of a surprise as he turned a bend in the narrow path. It was by no means large, but had an ancient look, and stood upon a rise at the back of an ample garden, much sheltered by trees. Warburton's gaze went to it upwards across a reach of pleasaunce pied with flower-beds. It peeped among the trees, its eyes twinkled on a broad green lawn, and down avenues of pine and oak and fir, interspersed with patches of border, in which the spring flowers were rising. A white portico fronted the garden, opening upon a white stone terrace, from which descended white stone steps.

Warburton had barely made these few observations when he was startled by a voice.

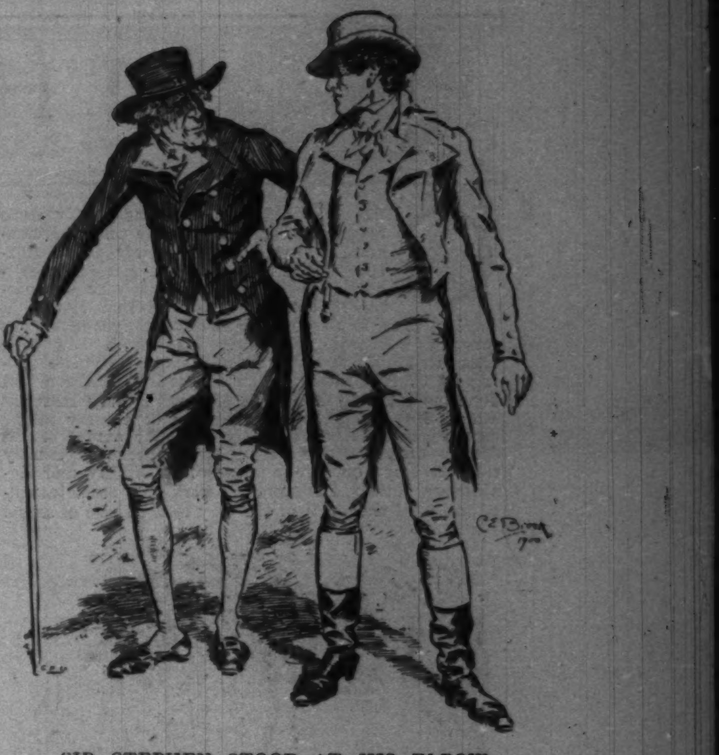
"You are welcome, Mr. Warburton," it said; "if you had only said you were to arrive we would have met you."

It was Sir Stephen Carmichael that stood at his elbow, very bland and venerable, supporting himself upon his stout stick.

"I was not aware, sir, that I was trespassing in your garden till this moment," replied Warburton. "I offer my apologies. It was inadvertent."



SHE CLUTCHED AT THE STONES WITH HER FINGERS.



SIR STEPHEN STOOD AT HIS ELBOW.

Sir Stephen waved his hand politely. "We are charmed to see you. No doubt you are come on business with us, or you would not be here?"

"I doubt, sir, if there is any business between us that may be settled out of hand," said Warburton, slowly.

"You are the better judge, it may be," returned Sir Stephen, equably, "but I suppose you have come to try. This is a very private island, though we Carmichaels are delighted to exhibit it to any friend. If it is so we may claim you, Mr. Warburton, I shall be honored." He looked keenly into the young man's face, but read nothing there save bluntness and obstinacy.

"No, I may not lay claim to any such privilege," was Warburton's answer, deliberate and cold. "I have no doubt that there are many who enjoy your friendship, sir. As for me, I am a passing stranger."

Sir Stephen elevated his eyebrows. "Ah, you must be here on business, then. I had a notion it was so. Well, if you will pardon me, we shall sit here to discuss it, as the house is far and I walk with difficulty."

"I do not think, sir, that there is any matter for conversation between us," said Warburton, slowly.

"Come, come!" said Sir Stephen impatiently, "or why are you here, a stranger, as you say?"

"Being a stranger, I have blundered, sir," said Warburton. "It is possible to excuse in the stranger what may not be pardoned in another."

"If that is so, sir, we will make no more ado about it," he said, presently, with a return of his blandness, "and if you will honor me so far, as a stranger, as to drink a glass of madeira with me, why, I am content you should go, and I will show you on your way, so that you shall not fall into this accident again."

As he spoke he entered the arbor painfully, and, after a pause, Warburton followed. Sir Stephen sat down and drawing from a little cupboard a bottle and glass, set them on the table.

"I thank you, sir, but I have no palate for wine," said Warburton, politely.

The men's eyes encountered across the table. "Ah!" said Sir Stephen, after a silence, "and my gout troubles me. 'Tis a pity we are both debarred. We might have pledged each other, and drunk to peace and happiness."

The bottle remained unopened, and Warburton arose, bowing. "I thank you, sir, for your consideration," said he, "and now I will be gone."

The two men descended to the water's edge through the tamarisks, the elder with difficulty. Warburton courteously waited for him, and on several occasions held back the branches that protruded across the path. He pushed off his boat and jumped in; and without a word more the two men exchanged bows, and took off their hats. Sir Stephen watched the cutter till she disappeared round the elbow of the cove.

Warburton stood out to clear the next point, as also to fill his sails. He was still under the lee of the island, and made but little way by reason of the strong flow beneath him. But as he crept out his quick eyes discovered something that moved upon the face of the cliff above the point he was endeavoring to shoot. The verdure of the hills came down to the sea-margin, and trees and shrubs overhung the water, aspersed here and there by the scattered spray. But where this nose of land abutted, the scarp was torn and rugged; no vegetation clung there, and the detritus of crumbling earth and rock descended in a precipitous shoot towards the sea. Upon the top of this slide was the figure at which he was gazing. Suddenly and with an exclamation he threw over the tiller and brought the beak of his craft into the wind; for he had perceived that the form was that of a woman, and that she stood in peril. The cutter moved slowly, but by degrees came under the point, where a deep pool of water lapped among the rocks. High above him he could see the woman, her back towards him, and now sunk upon her hands and knees, in an effort to prevent herself from slithering downward with the loose shingle. Her attempt to crawl upward brought a commotion among the debris; the shingle poured down in a shower, and she slipped with it. It was evident that unless she could secure a firm footing she must inevitably go down with that treacherous shoot upon the rocks and into the wells between them. Warburton did not hesitate. He threw the painter about a point of rock, and springing upon the ledge nearest him, began to climb the ascent. The slope lay at an angle of sixty degrees or more, but he guessed that one ascending from below would have a better chance of progress on the rolling shingle than one under whose feet the mass could gather impulse from above. He called to the woman to lie still, for she was now cast prone upon her face, clutching with her fingers amongst the stones, and step by step he won his way forward. The shingle slipped from under him, but he moved on, crawling on hands and knees, and making use of the few tufts of grass that had sought harborage here and there. The ascent took him ten minutes, but he accomplished it, and came up to the quiet figure. He laid a hand upon her arm.

"Come, leave yourself to me; look down and follow where I go," he said.

She obeyed him without words, and with deliberation. Warburton began his return. He had chosen his path carefully in the places where the soil was firmest, and he guided her. Ten minutes later they stood upon the ledge of rock against which the cutter rose and fell with a grinding sound. She was a slim, tall girl, and he recognized her now on the instant. It was Miss Carmichael. Unwittingly he put his hand to the scar upon his cheek; but she broke out warmly, her face aglow.

"You have saved me, sir," she said. "I owe you my life."

Warburton gazed at her. She wore a straight gown of green girdled tight under the bosom, and flowing loosely, and her face and her eyes glowed under her emotion.

"I will put you ashore," he said, and would have helped her into his boat.

She leaped from the rock lightly, and watched him while he cast off.

"Was it not you I saw from the cliffs?" she asked, suddenly.

"It was you who waved to me, madam?" he inquired. "I owe you my thanks for that, though I understood nothing."

"You are a stranger to these shores?" she said.

He understood that she had not identified him as one of those present in the inn.

"Pray, pardon me if I am too curious," she replied with the grace of her family. "But few strangers visit here. It is a rude coast."

He put her ashore in a little sheltered wood, and stepped back into his boat, staring at her fully, yet not uncivilly. Her red-brown hair gleamed in a ray of the setting sun, and over her fine eyes the long brown lashes curled. A gust of cool air, snapping round the point, set her garments fluttering. He surveyed her with critical eyes. Again the suspicion of those long lines was yielded through the flowing gown. He turned his head aside, a queer little smile upon his face. He saw in her a very beautiful woman. She was twenty years or so. He had no doubt but they should meet again.

"If you are a stranger to these coasts," she said, with some hesitation, as though she were reluctant to reflect upon his seamanship, "you will find it wisest to stand out from the cliffs. The wind blows strongly."

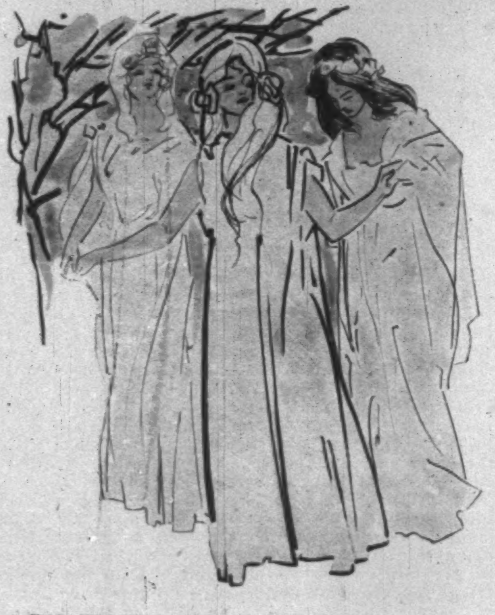
He thanked her and bowed low, shoving off. She watched him moving slowly, until he fetched the point, even as her father had watched him from the cove.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

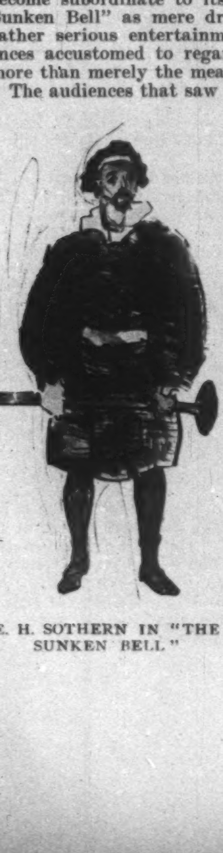
GERHART HAUPTMANN has finally come before the American public under circumstances that ought to satisfy any dramatist. What his own countrymen have called the best example of his work was presented here in a fashion that showed a foreign play rendered into another language to the greatest advantage possible. Its speech had been translated with faithfulness and exquisite poetic feeling by C. H. Meltzer, while Edward H. Sothern had done more than present the play with every material aid to its success. Lavish beauty of scenery might have seemed, as it frequently does, the extent of the actor's duty to the play. Mr. Sothern reverently tried to bring out every phase of its beauty and significance, set Mr. Lachaume to work on a score intended to reveal the spirit of the play to the sense of sound in the way that only music could. Then the German dramatist so highly praised to-day by his own countrymen came in the vernacular before a foreign public with every chance of success.


THE THREE ELVES IN "THE SUNKEN BELL."

That "The Sunken Bell" pleased the appreciative few, rather than the more profitable majority, is a fact that reflects in no way on the artistic success of the undertaking. The beauty of Hauptmann's play is not for the commercial stage in this country or any other but Germany. The fable, with its old man of the well, its witch and its elfish heroine, revives, in the memory of every German hearer thoughts of figures that he has known since childhood in the fairy stories he heard then. These characters legendary among Hauptmann's own people are unknown elsewhere, and out of the play there survives only the allegory of the over-ambitious bell-maker who like a mediæval Icarus fell when he soared too high.

Hauptmann is above all things a poet, and it is that quality of his writing, rather than its philosophy, that has made its author famous. But it was an inevitable result of the play's performance in any language than that in which it was written, that its poetry should become subordinate to its dramatic character. "The Sunken Bell" as mere drama moves slowly. It is a rather serious entertainment, even for German audiences accustomed to regard the theatre as something more than merely the means of entertainment.

The audiences that saw Mr. Sothern's admirable performances at the Knickerbocker were intelligent, presumably cultivated and highly appreciative. But they were not large. There is nothing in an audience to compensate an actor for its deficiency in numbers. So Mr. Sothern, in spite of the praise that the enterprise has brought him, will doubtless look upon the Hauptmann venture as a mistake.


E. H. SOTHERN IN "THE SUNKEN BELL."

He undoubtedly made this ambitious effort because he felt that it was due to his reputation as an actor. Colleagues of his own age were passing him in the race, while younger men were doing quite as much to the satisfaction of the public what Mr. Sothern alone had formerly been able to do. Mr. Mansfield with his Shaksperean productions and "Cyrano de Bergerac," and Mr. Miller acting *Hamlet*, were more ambitious than Mr. Sothern, while Mr. Hackett and Mr. Faversham are now able to supply the matinée heroics which at one time belonged only to Mr. Sothern.

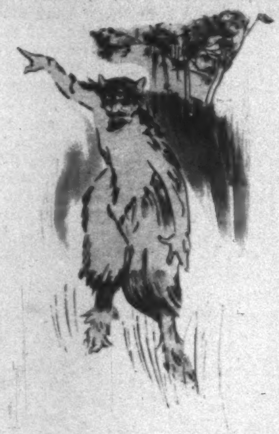
There could have been nothing more creditable to his taste and culture than the selection of the Hauptmann play, and his artistic stature was undeniably increased by the actual fulfilment of his purpose. But he is probably through, for the time being, with any attempt at impressing his ambitious plans on the public.

Once in a decade, or longer, it happens that a play like "Cyrano de Bergerac" appears in the midst of the mediocrity and worse that compose the greater part of what is called dramatic literature—a play that appeals to the hearts of the people and is simultaneously a credit to the author and the actor. But such cases are rare. Mr. Sothern's experiment possessed everything to make it successful excepting the power to touch the public, and the theatre is not an aristocracy. No actor, however ambitious or magnanimous, was ever gratified by an artistic success that kept the theatre empty. If he had been, that state of mind would have reflected very little credit on his judgment. For audiences are absolutely indispensable to the endurance of any play.

Now that "The Sunken Bell" has been briefly seen and heard and Mr. Sothern's ambitions partly gratified, the play will be added to that list which includes at least "Magda" and "Die Ehre," as well as some others not so well known. After these plays had been acted abroad and were later heard here in their own language, there was a Macedonian call for them here. Both of them arrived ultimately and "Magda" has had the distinction of being seen here in three languages. But to that must be added the qualification that in none of these was it seen very frequently.

The demand for this sombre and overrated play was satisfied almost as soon as it had once been placed within reach of the public. The genius of several women gave it a flash of life for a while and it thrived for a longer period than "Honor." To those unfamiliar with the practical side of theatrical affairs it must have seemed that either one of these plays would have lasted to delight the public for a long time, if the preliminary demand for them was any indication of their value. But like "The Sunken Bell," they were only for the minority. It is no reflection on their merits that these plays did not meet with the popular success they deserved. It was only further evidence of New York's attitude in theatrical matters, and the American point of view is becoming so pronounced that it has almost come to require American writers to meet that particular taste.

THE demand for the home product in the theatre was never so great as it is to-day. The field for the American dramatist was never broader. The manager who never felt a keen interest in his welfare is now ready to aid in the development of his powers more generously than he ever did before and will stop, indeed, only at the retainer or the advancement of royalties on an unwritten play. But it is to the American writers that managers to-day look for their most profitable plays.

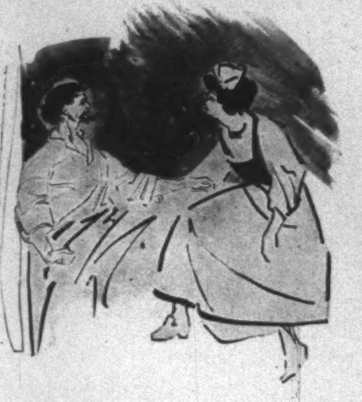

THE WOOD SPRITE.

The English group headed by A. W. Pinero is still cherished. But Mr. Pinero writes only one play a year. Henry Arthur Jones, Haddon Chambers, and R. C. Carton are more prolific, but their percentage of successful dramas is smaller. The French stage supplies nothing that is significant, and very little that is profitable. "Zaza" is the first Paris play of a decade to approach in any degree the successes that one time came in such numbers from France. The few machine-made farces that come from the Palais Royal play little or no part in the interest of the public or the profit of the managers. The fate of three of Germany's recent masterpieces—and they would be a pride to the contemporary drama of any country—has been referred to before, and it was evidence of the extent to which the American market relies on that source.

The opportunity of the native dramatist was never greater, for the American themes always appeal more strongly to the American manager than any other. He knows that it will make a stronger appeal to the public, other things being equal, than a play dealing with foreign subjects in foreign scenes. It is easy to call attention to the number of foreign plays that can be counted at any time at the various New York theatres. But that does not disprove the theory that it is the work of the American dramatist which is most desired. One or two of the striking successes of a season may be of foreign authorship. But there will be more plays of native origin that prosper.

One instance of the manager's tendency to keep his characters as near home as possible was shown last fall when one of Jerome K. Jerome's plays, which had its scenes laid in England, was transferred to Larchmont, for the sake of giving the piece a local interest.

If the American dramatist does not become a more important figure during the next few years than ever he has been hitherto, it will not be for lack of demand for his work. That is greater to-day than ever. His energies are certain to be confined in the narrow range to which the theatre is limited here. In all probability he will be asked, by any manager to whom he talks, to write a play as much as possible like some other that has recently been very successful. His imitation may accomplish its purpose, although it is not likely that it will ever be as good as the original.


E. H. SOTHERN AND REBECCA WARREN IN "THE SUNKEN BELL."

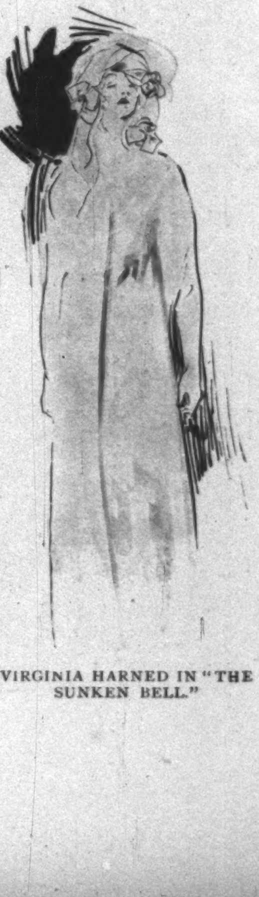
One manager has a certain formula which he recommends to all aspiring dramatists who come to him and enforces on most of the others who write for him. The heroine must be loved by two men and prevented by religion, race, family hatred, or some such cause, from marrying one. But he must win her in the end. This was the formula in a play that once made a fortune for him, and he seeks, naturally, to repeat that experience.

A French investigator has discovered that thirty-six situations are possible in the serious drama. To eliminate the other thirty-five may be drastic, but it is a sound commercial proposition, in the opinion of this manager, who is regarded as uncommonly shrewd in gratifying the public taste, and one of the first lessons that the dramatist must learn is to write for the public and not for himself. Otherwise he is likely to meet the fate of Gerhart Hauptmann and his hero, and attempt too much for any man.

THAT the highest ideals in the field are not in the least incompatible with the broadest popular success has been proved chiefly among English writers to-day by A. W. Pinero. Daniel Frohman's revival of "Trelawney of the Wells" at Daly's Theatre for a few performances showed that the literary quality of a drama is likely to prove its most lasting feature. Mr. Pinero was the first English author who began to publish his plays, and none of the others was so well equipped to meet this rather exacting test. Others have subsequently followed his example, but the printed play does more than his success on the stage to establish Mr. Pinero's supremacy.

In the recent performance of the comedy of stage life it was the language which kept life and freshness in the work, rather than its humor and study of character. It cannot be said that all of the plays selected this winter for the honor of publication in book form proved to be worth the while. But it has come to be a sort of diploma that gratifies the dramatist and does no harm. And unlike their English colleagues, the American writers never publish their failures.

Mr. Pinero, while it scarcely happens that he meets with failure under any circumstances to the same extent that other dramatists do, has within recent years known what it is not to meet with complete popular success. But the plan of publishing all his works is to be admired more in his case than in any other, as the literary quality of his work never varies. This can be enjoyed as much from hearing a repetition of one of his comedies such as that at Daly's as from reading the text in book form.


VIRGINIA HARNED IN "THE SUNKEN BELL."

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

A GOOD many persons seem to feel called upon to be sorry for Admiral Dewey because he has seen fit to become a Presidential candidate. They feel that he had a very enviable position, and they are afraid he is going to mar it. They are anxious about him. If he says things that seem to them injudicious, they grieve. They are afraid he will lose his popularity and get into miscellaneous trouble by trying to navigate waters he doesn't know.

Let us not worry unduly about the Admiral. Perhaps the job of being a hero, at which he has had to work for the last two years, is less advantageous than is supposed. It is in some respects like the job of being a stuffed eagle in a glass case. We all admire stuffed eagles, and think them handsome, and envy them their place in the glass case, out of the wet, and their freedom from anxiety about food and drink. But, after all, an eagle's true calling is to soar and fight, and wink at the sun, and be out nights, and take notice of what is going on. Eagles don't mind climate, and are not over-nice about food. They are of a sporting disposition, and don't care to be stuffed until they are dead.

The Admiral did not get to be Admiral by hugging harbors and wearing his best clothes ashore. There is every reason to believe that when there is anything going on that is worth while he likes to be in it. Very possibly he has found the calling of a hero dull sport, requiring perpetual self-restraint, and affording more fatigue than entertainment. He may feel that running for President will pay if it does no more than abate his popularity a little, and fetch him out of the glass case in which his admiring countrymen would be content to have him perch. His spirits seem to be good. Let us not waste our strength being sorry for him till he gives surer tokens of needing our commiseration.

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A FAMOUS American painter has passed away in Frederick Edwin Church, who died in New York on April 7. For twenty years past he had done little work, and had lived a rather retired life, spending his summers at his home, in Catskill, and going South in the winter. The close of his professional career, therefore, considerably antedated his death. He began his work early, and prosecuted it for thirty years with great vigor and distinguished success. Born in 1826, in Hartford, he made an early choice of his calling, and became a pupil of Thomas Cole, at Catskill. The beauty of the Catskill scenery is said to have strengthened his inclination towards landscape-painting, while the early writings of Ruskin turned his attention to the methods of Turner. The first of his paintings to attract attention were of Catskill scenes. At twenty-three he became a National Academician. In 1853 he went to South America, and from this trip, and another to the same region in 1857, many famous pictures resulted. For one of them, "The Heart of the Andes," he received $10,000, the highest price that at that time had been paid for a work by an American painter. He afterwards visited Labrador, the West Indies, Europe, and the Holy Land, bringing back many sketches and pictures. Later he painted two noted pictures of Niagara, the more famous of which, "The Great Falls," now in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, is still thought to be the most successful picture of Niagara ever made. For this picture, in 1867, he received a second-class medal at the International Exposition in Paris. His other Niagara was painted in 1866, for Mr. A. T. Stewart, and for that he was paid $12,500. His "Icebergs" and many others of his pictures are owned in England; his "Heart of the Andes" belongs to the estate of David Dows; his "Cotopaxi" is in the Lenox Library in New York. Others of his better-known works are "The Parthenon," "Morning in the Tropics," "Chimborazo," and "The Andes of Ecuador."

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THE attention of writers of fiction who are looking about for story material is called to the career of the late George Smith, Scotch bachelor, of London, Milwaukee, Chicago, and New York. The other day, when Mr. Smith died, the newspapers told more or less about him—how he was the partner of Alexander Mitchell in Milwaukee before the war; in what interesting ways he made a great deal of money; and how, when he had worked as long as he wanted to, he gave up business and went to London, where he passed the remaining years of his life in as much seclusion as a man can find who lives at a club. Since then we have been told that his estate has paid a war tax of a million pounds in England, an inheritance tax of $2,000,000 in New York State, and is expected to pay a war tax of about $5,000,000 to the United States government. It is worth noting that Mr. Smith's chief heir, Mr. James H. Smith, of New York, has made the large disbursements which these taxes have called for without hesitation or evasion, or further delay than has been necessary to ascertain what the law required.

George Smith's fame was that of a money-maker and not much else, but it was good of its kind, and his career in active business had a good deal of commercial romance in it. His great fortune was due to shrewdness, foresight, business capacity, and integrity. He went to Chicago in the early days, made a fortune in land dealings, went back to Scotland with it, and apparently found Scotland dull. Returning to Milwaukee with Alexander Mitchell, he founded an insurance company, which had a charter which allowed it to do a banking business and almost anything else that seemed profitable. Then followed the period when currency was scarce, and "George Smith's money" was accepted as good and circulated throughout the Northwest. Then in due season came a run on the bank, and most of this money came flooding in and was promptly redeemed. Finally Smith closed up his business and went back to London, where for years he led a rather solitary life, while his fortune went on accumulating. When he died the sum of it had come to be something like a hundred million dollars.

There is a good deal in all this that appeals to the imagination. The man must have been a remarkable character. Some day, when readers get tired of sixteenth-century sword-play, George Smith, and other Aladdins of his generation, who were pioneers in the industrial development of a great country, may get into novels; and the novels, if they do justice to their subject and stick close enough to facts, will make edifying reading. The romance of banking and railroad-building, if properly worked out, is just as breathless as the romance of buried treasure, or of battle, while the figures are bigger and the dollar-marks are all capable of proof.

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IT must be profoundly disconcerting to the rulers of Great Britain to have the Transvaal war and the Indian famine fall in the same year. If the famine had been in the Transvaal, or the war in India, there might have been some compensating aspects to it, for war has a certain brutal use as a corrective of over-population, and the Boers, if starved, would doubtless have been easier to handle. But things have not worked together for the good of our British brethren. While they are spending money by the hundred millions to whip the Boers, the Queen's Indian subjects are dying by the hundred thousand from lack of food, and the Indian government is doubtless compelled to unwelcome economies in its distribution of relief. Famines in India are caused by drought, and this year's dearth promises to be one of the worst that India has ever known. About 60,000,000 people in western India are affected by it, and the prospect is that where war costs one life in South Africa, starvation will end hundreds in India. The British policy is to employ at low wages all distressed people who are fit for labor in irrigation canals and such great public works as may help to prevent famines in future. To this work the Indian government devoted about $10,000,000 last year, and will devote $16,000,000 this year. But there are 20,000,000 people in distress already, with at least three months of want ahead, so that the relief planned is hopelessly inadequate. All summer long we must expect to read the story of India's extreme need, and see the terrible pictures of gaunt spectres who wait on death.

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THE Massachusetts Institute of Technology has gone to Washington for its new president, and found him in Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. Dr. Pritchett will finish the government work which he has in hand and go to Boston in September. He was born forty-three years ago, in Fayette, Missouri, and got his mathematical capacity from his father, who was director of the observatory of Morrison College, in Glasgow, in that State. He went to college in Glasgow, and studied further in the Naval Observatory in Washington, and later in Munich. Between 1876 and 1884 he divided his time between various professorships and astronomical work for the government. In 1884 he became Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in Washington University, St. Louis, a place which he held until his appointment in 1897 as the head of the Coast Survey. His labors for the government have been multifarious and important, taking him on one errand or another to China, Japan, New Zealand, Australia, and Europe. He is the American member of the international association for exact measurement of the earth, a position which he will doubtless continue to hold.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE, long esteemed as a good State to come from, is gaining reputation nowadays as a good State to go to in summer. It entertained more than 150,000 guests last summer, who left behind them in the State $5,671,000. The New Hampshire State Bureau of Labor, in its first annual report, considers the summer-boarder industry, and finds that it pays well and is worth fostering. It proposes to foster it by forest preservation and the creation of extensive parks under State control, by stocking the State's 600 lakes and ponds with responsive and desirable fish, and by the extension of good roads and rural free delivery. The commission believes that with the attractions of the State in a proper state of development and working full time, the income from summer visitors can be tripled.

The Labor Bureau's plans are all good, though they might include the establishment of cooking-schools, for the summer boarder has leisure enough to discriminate in the matter of food. An arrangement which would give the summer boarder a vote on something and let him cast it in August might be rather a shrewd move for New Hampshire. Nothing domesticates an American more than going to the polls. Of course it would not do to trust summer boarders with any real power, but if they could qualify by one month's residence and the filing of a receipted board-bill to vote on road-side advertising or bird protection, it might prove rather a winning move.

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WEBSTER DAVIS tells as bad stories about the treachery and malignancy of British soldiers who fight the Boers as we have been used to hear about the Boer soldiers who fight the British. The trouble with his tales is that we think we know something about British fighting-men, and when we hear of misuse of the white flag by them we say that if true it is an individual case and not characteristic, whereas our belief in the yarns we hear about Boer misbehavior is less apt to be qualified by previous knowledge.

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IN this issue of the WEEKLY is given a portrait of Director W. R. Merriam, of the Census Bureau, who described, in the WEEKLY of April 7, the methods used in taking the census. A picture of "Director Merriam at his Desk" was published in the issue of the WEEKLY which contained his article, but the historical value of that portrait is impaired, as has since appeared, to this paper's regret, by the fact that another gentleman (Mr. Langley of the Census Office) unwittingly sat for it. The fact that Mr. Merriam has been Governor of Minnesota, and one of the best-known men in Washington, makes the WEEKLY'S error seem somewhat incomprehensible, but it was due to the assurances of an agent who was believed to be well informed.

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A NEW plan to provide convenient means for sending small sums of money by mail is now under consideration by Congress. It provides for a system of post check notes for sums from five cents to five dollars, each note to have blank spaces for the signatures of sender and receiver, and to be payable at the receiver's post-office when signed by both. We shall understand these checks better when we see them, but the plan is commended as unobjectionable, and certainly if it proves feasible it will meet a want that is widely and urgently felt.

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MISS MAUDE ADAMS is a charming person, very acceptable as an actress, and good to look at, nevertheless it will hardly be a source of grief to the judicious that the hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar gold effigy of her has been rejected by Commissioner Peck as an exhibit at the Paris fair. Miss Adams's statue in gold may be magnificent, but it is not art, and it is just as well that the visitors to the exposition should not have reason to suppose that it represents an American conception of what art is. It has been cast, and it is to be sent to Paris, and will be exhibited there, but not at the Fair.

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MR. SAMUEL PARSONS, formerly superintendent of the parks of New York, and still their faithful friend and defender, protests against the proposition to put St.-Gaudens's equestrian statue of General Sherman at the foot of the Mall in Central Park. In a recent discourse published in the *Evening Post*, he explains at some length why its location on such a site "would have most disastrous and far-reaching effects on perhaps as fine an exhibition of the highest skill of park-making as can be found in the world."

No one is better qualified than Mr. Parsons to say what will benefit the Park and what will damage it. The statue is doubtless a fine work and deserves a fine site, which can surely be found for it outside of Central Park.

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ABOUT $10,000 has been subscribed for the widow of General Henry, and the fund is still increasing. The treasurer is Mr. A. S. Frissell, of the Fifth Avenue Bank, New York.

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SOME one has agreed to give $100,000 out of $700,000 needed to complete the choir of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The thanks of the public which likes to see stones well heaped on a good site are due to this donor, and may his example find prompt imitation. The big Protestant cathedral is the most interesting building now in course of construction in New York. When the Public Library is begun, it will have a rival, but one so different that there will hardly be rivalry between them.

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"BOOKS, games, delicacies, pajamas, etc.," are asked for by the Manila Hospital Aid Society for sick and wounded soldiers and sailors in the Philippine Islands. The secretary of the society is Mrs. Henry W. Lawton (the widow of General Lawton), Pewee Valley, Kentucky. Information can be had from her, or from the United States department quartermaster in any of the larger cities, as to shipment of boxes free of charge. Packages under four pounds weight can be sent by mail at domestic-postage rates. All boxes and packages should be marked, "For distribution in hospitals," and addressed to Mrs. E. H. Liscum, Manila. Contributions in money may be sent to Mrs. Lawton.

TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

JUST as the Germans are using England's overwhelming naval strength as an argument for increasing their own fleet, so the French have fastened upon the preponderance of Great Britain's colonial army as a reason for adding to their own over-sea forces. This they might quite well set about doing without dragging in England's name. Like most other features of French expansion, the colonial army needs reforming and strengthening on its own account and for the credit of France, and without reference to any antagonist it may have to meet. The French colonial empire comprises over 7,000,000 square kilometres, with 50,000,000 inhabitants, yet the regular colonial army is barely 30,000 strong. Moreover, its organization is glaringly defective and inconvenient. Any system must be so which places the various garrisons of a widely scattered empire under three rival departments of state. It often happens in France that men pass under three ministries in turn, joining first the active army and being subject to the Ministry of War; volunteering for the colonial army and passing into the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Marine; and finally departing for the colonial garrisons under the direction of the Ministry of the Colonies. Project after project has been brought forward to nullify the obvious disadvantages of such a system and give France a real colonial army. Nobody quite seems to know what are the exact functions of the colonial troops in war—whether they are confined to the defence of existing colonies, or may be used to furnish an expeditionary force for further conquests, or whether, in the event of a European war, they may be utilized by the Ministry of War for any service he may deem fit. And nobody appears able to agree on the department under which the colonial army should be placed. General Billot, one of the most capable of War Ministers, declared a few years ago that his department had enough to do without bothering itself with the colonial forces; that it had one great task to perform and could not embarrass itself by gazing all round the world from Tonkin to Senegambia, but had to concentrate its attention on something nearer home.

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IN these words lies the clew to the whole difficulty of French expansion. France is attempting a double policy, the prosecution of which would have been barely possible for her at the height of her strength and guided by the masterful genius of Napoleon. She is striving to be at once a great Continental and a great colonial power, and her twofold ambition brings her across the path of Germany, the strongest military, and England, the strongest naval power in the world. In such a project, situated as France is, there is hardly a chance of final success. Even with a more healthily growing population and a more flourishing budget, it would be a physical impossibility for her to remain always on a war footing in Europe and at the same time to be ready to take up arms at the ends of the earth. *Il faut choisir.* Her regeneration since the Franco-Prussian war, the readiness with which she paid off the indemnity, the splendid alacrity with which she remodelled her military forces and safeguarded her international position, are things that no one can belittle. In their display of patience and self-denial, they constitute, in the words of Baron Pierre de Coubertin, "the greatest moral victory ever won by a nation over itself." France has shown more than once in her history that she cannot be ruined, but never more completely or with more admirable resolution than in the past quarter of a century.

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BUT whether from the restlessness born of long-deferred hope, or from a growing consciousness that *la revanche* is really beyond her powers, or from the infectious example of other nations, France has within the last twenty years turned more and more from her natural policy to plunge into what for her has turned out to be the slough of colonial expansion. Colonies that are self-supporting, that attract trade and settlers, are as a rule sources of strength to the parent nation. But the French colonies are a source of weakness to France. Not one of them has yet been able to show a balance on the right side. Not one of them but has to be helped along by annual doles from the national exchequer. Martinique, Gaudeloupe, and Réunion are of "adult years" and should have ceased to require subsidies, yet they still receive several millions. Algeria, splendidly situated though it is, is still, after an occupation of close on seventy years, a financial failure, with a perpetual deficit of about 30,000,000 francs. Senegal and the Sudan and the French possessions in China tell the same tale. As for the Congo, its financial condition seems beyond all hope of redemption. Wherever one turns, a similar state of affairs confronts one. The French colonies return no practical equivalent for the immense outlay devoted to them; they attract no colonists and very little trade; they impoverish France instead of re-enforcing her.

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FOR this there are several reasons on the surface. For one thing, France, like Germany, has come too late into the colonial field to do more than annex what England did not care to take for herself. For another, the all but stationary condition of the population deprives France of the leading motive for expansion. For a third, France is by instinct and training a military nation and a bureaucratic nation; and experience has shown that the soldier and the functionary are not the proper foundation to build empires on. To read some French writers, one would think that for the establishment of a prosperous colony it was enough to send out into the wilds of Sahara the flag, a Maxim, and a salaried official. With the French chauvinists to conquer is to colonize; they clamor for more territory, for fresh expeditions much as an amateur runs after bric-à-brac, very eagerly, very indiscriminately, and not knowing or caring whether the object sought after is worth having or no. M. Marchand's appearance at Fashoda was proof of a deplorable lack of system somewhere; and the quietude with which the French people as a whole took his ignominious expulsion was in itself an indirect censure on the policy which laid France and a gallant Frenchman open to such a galling rebuff. There is no sense of imperialism among the common people of France, as there was among the Romans, as there is among the English. The colonial party is a noisy, and in official and parliamentary circles an influential faction, but it carries little weight outside Paris. Such as it is, however, it seems to be speeding France to another *débâcle*.

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EVIDENTLY the House of Commons is in no hurry to follow the Queen's lead and treat Ireland and Irish questions with just that touch of intelligent sympathy they need and have rarely met with. The recent reappearance of the old proposal to set up in Ireland a university which shall be acceptable to Catholics gave it a chance, which was not accepted, to do an act of grace and justice. By a hostile vote of 177 to 91 the House decided against the motion, and though the debate showed some notable conversions to the Catholic cause and was brightened by an exceedingly fine speech from Mr. Balfour, its issue must be held as great a disappointment to the friends of England as to the friends of Ireland. The central fact of the situation is that of 3,200,000 Catholics in Ireland only 300 take a university degree. Trinity College, of course, is open to them, just as Oxford and Cambridge are, but the atmosphere of Trinity College is essentially Protestant, and such as few Catholics care to move in. It is a rare thing to find more than 100 Catholic students on its books. "As compared with Scotland or Belgium, not to talk of England and Germany," said the Bishop of Limerick, with absolute truth, "such a condition of education as exists in Ireland carries one back a century and exhibits this country to all intents and purposes as having progressed very little beyond the average of things that obtained throughout Europe a hundred years ago."

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MANY causes, for some of which Englishmen cannot disavow a collective responsibility, have made Ireland too poor to provide for the higher educational needs of her people out of her own pocket. If the thing is to be done at all it must be done by England and out of the common exchequer. No Englishman has ever yet ventured to contend that a system which deprives the vast majority of Irishmen of all facilities for educating themselves above the elementary standards is a good system; but very many Englishmen have been unable to vote for the only measure by which the system can be destroyed. At the root of their opposition is the dislike of denominational education of any kind, and especially of its endowment by the state; and also the fear, never quite absent from the British mind, of Roman Catholicism. The first position is tenable in the abstract, but ought to be abandoned in view of the peculiar circumstances of Ireland. The second is in some measure excusable, or at least explicable, but wears a paltry air when put forward as a reason for denying Catholics secular education. Englishmen move very slowly towards a goal even after they are convinced it is the right sort of goal to aim for. Somebody once estimated that it took forty years to get anything done in England. At that rate it should not be long before even the mass of the people come to recognize the reasonableness of the Catholic claims. The question has been on the carpet already somewhat longer than the prescribed time, and the best intellect of England is firmly on the side of the Irish.

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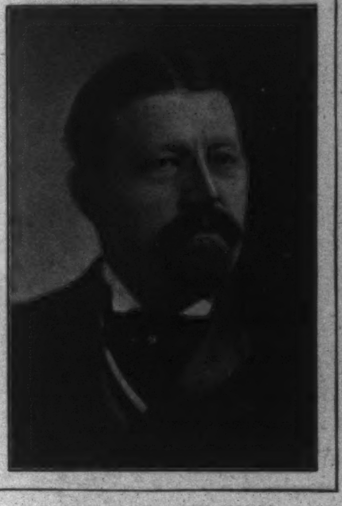
IT may be remembered that the only tangible result of the Diamond Jubilee of 1897 was the denunciation by Great Britain of the commercial treaties with Germany and Belgium. The treaties which had been in force for over thirty years allowed Belgian and German traders to enter the colonial market on the same terms as merchants with goods of British origin. The abrogation of this arrangement was forced upon the British government by the Canadian offer to reduce the general tariff by one-eighth in favor of any country importing Canadian goods free of duty. It is interesting to see how the experiment has turned out. The Canadian tariff came into operation July 1, 1898, and resulted in an increase of exports from Great Britain to the extent of nearly $3,000,000, and of exports from Canada of $28,000,000. In the following year the tariff was reduced to one-fourth in favor of Great Britain, and 1899 was in consequence the most prosperous year in Canadian history. A still further reduction is now announced, and for the year 1900-1901 any country which admits Canadian goods duty free will be allowed to export goods to Canada at rates 33½ per cent. lower than the ordinary tariff. It is obvious that if the other colonies can only be induced to follow the example of Canada, an imperial Zollverein, though along very different lines from the one hitherto imagined, may still be brought about. The old idea was that Great Britain should tax foreign imports in favor of colonial produce. The idea was impracticable because the colonies are not yet able to supply England either with all the foodstuffs or with all the raw material she needs. England cannot give up free trade, but it is not so certain that the colonies may not at some time or other be able to give up protection, at least in part. The Canadian differential tariff and the success that has accompanied it are at any rate very significant signs of the growing solidarity of the British Empire.

◆

THE English newspapers have welcomed the publication of Mr. Hay's correspondence with foreign powers on their Chinese commercial policy with almost excessive cordiality, and without exception pay high tribute to the neatness and finish of the Secretary of State's performance. The interchange of views is valuable chiefly because it defines American attitude up to a certain point. The position of the other powers was already known, and the correspondence does not affect one's estimate of it. But America's apparent inactivity had been a trouble and perplexity to Great Britain. The Chinese crisis has now been fermenting for nearly three years, yet until Mr. Hay took the matter up there was no indication that the United States felt any but a passive interest in it. It is now on record that America is officially in favor of the open door, as guaranteed by her treaties with China. This, of course, is the position she was bound to take up sooner or later. Under the conditions of equality of opportunity that still prevail, the United States has built up a trade with China, not large when compared with the overwhelming preponderance of Great Britain, but still greater than that of any other country. It is worth noting that the powers that have done most to disturb the *status quo*—France, Germany, and Russia—are precisely the powers that have the smallest commercial interests. American trade with the Celestial Empire has all but trebled itself in the last seven years. Counting in the exports to Hong-kong it is at the present moment worth about $25,000,000 a year. What it will be worth in the future depends entirely on the personal efforts of American merchants backed up by the administration. Except Japan, the United States stands in a better geographical position than any other country to supply China with the goods she needs. The resources are here, the inventive skill is here, too, and every year finds the home market less and less sufficient to the American artisan, as it long has been to the farmer. To no nation does the opening up of China promise better things—provided a fair field and no favor is still maintained.

◆

IT is worth while even at this late hour to clear up, by the help of the *National Review*, a mystery which has been made the subject of considerable discussion in the American press and among American politicians. A short while since Lord Rosebery was reported to have declared in the House of Lords that in December last "her Majesty's government made *vigorous* overtures to two great powers—Germany and the United States—for an alliance, but these overtures were not received with such cordiality as to encourage the government to pursue them." What Lord Rosebery actually did say was that the British government had made *public* overtures to Germany and the United States—the reference being to Mr. Chamberlain's celebrated indiscretion of last November, in which he openly favored the idea of "a new triple alliance" between England, Germany, and the United States. Mr. Chamberlain was speaking entirely for himself and in no ways at the prompting of Lord Salisbury. As an exercise in the newest style of diplomacy, his speech attracted an immense amount of attention abroad. In England, where people are used to Mr. Chamberlain's habit of issuing "unauthorized programmes," it was discounted at once as a merely personal theory, and Lord Rosebery fastened upon it solely for the purpose of scoring a debating-point. He knew, of course, as well as anybody else, that the British government had never made, or ever thought of making, any overtures for an alliance with either Germany or the United States; but it suited his purpose to parade Mr. Chamberlain's outburst as an official announcement of the views of the cabinet. There was nothing harmful in this, and if only he had been correctly reported there would have been no chance of a misunderstanding. It may be added that the people of Great Britain are not in the least anxious for an alliance with any power. They would prefer, whenever possible, to act in unison with the United States rather than with any other nation; but no British statesman, after the matter of the arbitration treaty, would dream of endeavoring to negotiate an alliance with the American Senate. As for Germany, the feeling of Englishmen for that country has entirely turned round in the last ten years, and almost any other power would be more acceptable as an ally, if an ally were needed.



HON. W. R. MERRIAM,
Director of the Census.

MR. DOOLEY*

XXII.—ON ADMIRAL DEWEY'S CANDIDACY

"I SEE," said Mr. Hennessy, "that Dewey is a candydate f'r Prisidint."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I hope to hiven he won't get it. No rilitive iv mine iver held a pollytical job, barrin' mesilf. I was precinct captain, an' wan iv th' best they was in thim days, if I do say so that shudden't. I was called Cap f'r manny years aftherward, an' I'd'v joined th' Gr-rand Army iv th' Raypublic if it hadn't been f'r me poor feet. Manny iv me rilitives has been candydates, but they niver cud win out again' th' r-rest iv th' fam'ly. 'Tis so with Cousin George. I'm again' him. I've been a rayspictable saloon-keeper f'r forty years in this ward, an' I'll not have th' name dhragged into pollytics.

"Iv coorse, I don't blame Cousin George. I'm with him f'r annything else in th' gift iv th' people fr'm a lovin'-cup to a house an' lot. He don't mean annything be it. Did ye iver see a sailor thryin' to ride a horse? 'Tis a comical sight. The reason a sailor thries to ride a horse is because he niver r-rode wan befure. If he knew annything about it he wouldn't do it. So be Cousin George. Afther he'd been over here awhile an' got so 'twas safe f'r him to go out without bein' torn to pieces f'r soovenirs or lynched be a mob, he took a look ar-round him, an' says he to a polisman, 'What's th' governmint iv this counthry?' ''Tis a raypublic,' says th' polisman. 'What's th' main guy called?' says George. 'He's called Prisidint,' says th' polisman. 'Is it a good job?' says Cousin George. ''Tis betther thin thravellin' beat,' says th' bull. 'What's th' la-ads name that's holdin' it now?' says Cousin George. 'Mack,' says the cop. 'Irish?' says George. 'Cross,' says th' elbow. 'Where fr'm?' says George. 'Ohio,' says the peeler. 'Where's that?' says George. 'I dinnaw,' says th' bull. An' they parted th' best iv frinds.

"'Well,' says George to himsilf, 'I guess I'll have to go up an' have a look at this la-ad's place,' he says. 'An' if it looks good,' he says, 'p'r'aps I cud nail it,' he says. An' he goes up an' sees Mack dictatin' his Porther-Rickyan policy to a kinetoscope, an' it looks like a nice employmint f'r a spry man, an' he goes back home an' sinds f'r a rayporther, an', says he: 'I always believe since I got home in dealin' frankly with th' press. I haven't seen manny papers since I've been at sea, but whin I was a boy me father used to take the Montpelier *Paleejum*. 'Twas r-run be a man be th' name of Horse Clamback. He was quite a man whin sober. Ye've heerd iv him no doubt. But what I ast ye up here f'r was to give ye a item that ye can write up in ye'er own way an' hand to th' r-rest iv th' boys. I'm goin' to be Prisidint. I like th' looks iv th' job an' nobody seems to care f'r it, an' I've got so blame tired since I left th' ship that if I don't have somethin' to do I'll go crazy,' he says. 'I wisht ye'd make a note iv it an' give it to th' other papers,' he says. 'Ar-re ye a Raypublican or a Dimmycrat?' says the rayporther. 'What's that?' says Cousin George. 'D'ye belong to th' Raypublican or th' Dimmycrat party?' 'What ar-re they like?' says Cousin George. 'Th' Raypublicans ar-re in favor iv expansion.' 'Thin I'm a Raypublican.' 'Th' Dimmycrats ar-re in favor iv free thrade.' 'Thin I'm a Dimmycrat.' 'Th' Raypublicans ar-re f'r upholdin' th' goold standard.' 'So'm I. I'm a Raypublican, there.' 'An' they're opposed to an income tax.' 'On that,' says Cousin George, 'I'm a Dimmycrat. I tell ye, put me down as a Dimmycrat. Divvle th' bit I care. Just say I'm a Dimmycrat with sthrong Raypublican leanings. Put it this way: I'm a Dimmycrat be a point Raypublican, Dimmycrat. Anny sailor-man 'll undherstand that.' 'What'll I say ye'er platform is?' 'Platform?' 'Ye have to stand on a platform.' 'I do, do I? Well, I don't. I'll stand on no platform, an' I'll hang on no sthrap. What d'ye think th' Prisidincy is—a throlley-car? No, sir, whin ye peek in th' dure to sell ye'er paper ye'll see ye'er uncle George settin' down comfortable with his legs crossed, thrippin' up anny wan that thries to pass him. Go out now an' write ye'er little item, f'r 'tis late, an' all hands ar-re piped to bed,' he says.

"An' there ye ar-re. Well, sir, 'tis a hard year Cousin George has in store f'r him. Th' first thing he knows he'll have to pay f'r havin' his pitchers in th' paaper. Thin he'll larn iv siveral previous convictions in Vermont. Thin he'll discover that they was no union label on th' goods he delivered at Manila. 'Twill be pointed out be careful observers that he was ilicted Prisidint iv th' A. P. A. be th' Jesuits. Thin some wan'll dig up that story about his not feelin' anny too well th' mornin' iv th' fight, an' ye can imajine th' pitchers they'll print, an' th' jokes that 'll be made an' th' songs: 'Dewey Lost His Appetite at th' Battle iv Manila. Did McKinley Iver Lose His?' An' George'll wake up th' mornin' afther iliction an' he'll have a sore head an' a sorer heart, an' he'll find that th' on'y support he got was fr'm th' goold Dimmycratic party, an' th' chances ar-re he caught cold fr'm goin' out without his shawl an' cudden't vote. He'll find that a man can be r-right an' be Prisidint, but he can't be both at th' same time. An' he'll go down to breakfast an' issue Gin'ral Ordher Number Wan, 'To All Superior Officers Commandin' Admirals iv th' United States navy at home or on foreign service: If anny man mintions an Admiral f'r Prisidint hit him in th' eye an' charge same to me.'

"Well, be hivins, I think if Dewey says he's a Dimmycrat an' Joyce is with him, I'll give him a vote," said Mr. Hennessy. "It's no sin to be a candydate f'r Prisidint."

"No," said Mr. Dooley. "'Tis sometimes a misfortune an' sometimes a joke. But I hope ye won't vote f'r him. He might be ilicted if ye did. I'd like to raymimber him, an' it might be I cudden't if he got th' job. Who was th' Prisidint befure Mack? Oh, tubby sure!"

F. P. Dunne.

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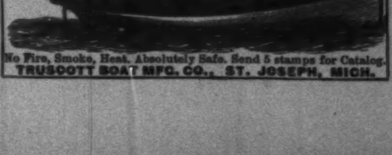

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THE LAND DEFENCES OF HAVANA

BY J. D. WHELPLEY

THE Americans have made many interesting discoveries during their occupation of Cuba, and no one of these has aroused keener interest, especially among military men, than the temporary land defences of the city of Havana. It was known to the United States even before the war with Spain that the coast and harbor defences were more or less obsolete. A vague understanding prevailed in the War Department that Havana had been fortified against an approach by land, but it is only recently that the marvellous extent of these fortifications has been developed by careful surveys. For ten months past a corps of engineers and draughtsmen, under the direction of Assistant-Engineer Joseph A. Sargent, has been at work surveying and plotting every foot of the ground in the Department of Havana. An elaborate report, fully illustrated by means of photographs and drawings, will soon be in the hands of the War Department for use in the schools of warfare, or possibly, if need be in the future, for the more serious purpose of making or repelling an attack upon the city.

Havana has a population of about 220,000. The city proper lies to, the west of the harbor, but the suburbs of Guanabacoa, Regla, Jesus del Monte, Cerro, and Vedado, to the east, south, southwest, and west of the city, are so situated and so closely identified with the life of the city that their thirty thousand or more inhabitants must be added to the population of Havana in considering the question of defence. Including these suburbs Havana is a very irregular settlement, about seven miles east and west and two miles north and south, and practically surrounding the harbor. For ten miles south of this thickly settled district extend the highly cultivated truck-gardens and fertile fields, mostly tended by Chinamen, which supply the people with food. The first attempt at the land defence of Havana was against the insurgents. The tactics followed by the latter were those of quick raids and constant guerilla warfare against supply-points and remote outposts. To meet these conditions the Spanish army engineers first outlined a "zone of cultivation." This was about seven miles east and west and ten miles north and south, or about seventy square miles of territory adjacent to the city.

For the defence of this zone of cultivation a stone wall was built, commencing on the coast at the mouth of the Cojimar River, two miles east of the harbor. This wall extended ten miles to the south, seven miles to the west, and ten miles to the north again, regaining the coast-line at the mouth of the Chorrera River, about two miles west of the harbor mouth. In the north half of this enclosure lies the harbor and the city, with its suburbs, the south half being devoted to the purposes of cultivation. The wall marking the boundary of this zone is about breast-high to a man, broad and heavy enough to stand considerable hammering from light guns, and is buttressed at regular intervals to provide stations for lookouts or sentinels. At longer intervals stand block-houses for purposes of observation and the shelter of troops.

In the southwest corner of this zone are the famous Vento Springs, from which, by means of the Aqueduct de Albear, is conducted to Havana, seven miles distant, its ample supply of the purest water. Five miles north of the south line of this zone of cultivation, and immediately south of the populated section, is the line of fortifications, which sweep in a quarter-circle from the coast on the east to the coast on the west side of the harbor, and enclose the city and its suburbs within their formidable protection. The land about Havana is favorable to defence. Broken ridges and hills stand between the city and the country to the south, affording numerous sites for guns, the fire from which commands every possible land approach. Not a single point of vantage has been overlooked by the Spanish engineers. Nearly all of these defences were first constructed to protect the city from the insurgent attacks. When war with the United States was inevitable, new fortifications were built, old ones were repaired and strengthened, and artillery was placed where it would do the most damage to an approaching foe.

In their survey of these defences the American engineers have discovered over one hundred and sixty distinct constructions, ranging from formidable and complex redoubts, equipped for heavy guns and supplied with magazines, store-houses, and accommodations for four or five hundred soldiers, to the simple intrenchments for the shelter of infantry outposts. It is this system of redoubts, parapets, batteries, and intrenchments which has excited the interest and admiration of the American army officers. Commencing east of Guanabacoa, at the mouth of the Cojimar River, they are thickly planted on every ridge and hill-top, and form a chain of defence between the Cojimar on the east to even beyond the Almendares River, eight miles to the west, completely surrounding the residence part of the zone, and sweeping the entire face of the cultivated portion with deadly cross-fires. In these defences there is room for fifteen thousand soldiers. Under the protection of their guns thousands of troops could move from the city with rapidity and safety to any point where their presence was demanded by the exigencies of the military situation. In measuring the zone of fire from these fortifications it has been found that not only is every part of the open country about Havana covered by at least one, but hardly a point is not included within the range of three or four. The fortifications all bear typically Spanish names. Some of these refer to their character, shape, or the surroundings. Others are named for well-known persons, canonized or otherwise. The longest trenches are those of San Felipe. The strongest redoubts are Azotea, Animas, Mordazo. Cruz del Padre, El Mazo, Timon, Ingenito, Chipre, Ceiba, and La Tropical. The finest block-house in Cuba is probably the one at Vento, which is of brick and will accommodate one hundred and fifty men.

To facilitate the movement of troops from the city to the outer circle of defence and from one part to another of the zone itself, four magnificent macadamized roads leave the city like spokes from the hub of a wheel, to the east, south, southwest, and west; and these are belted together at intervals by smaller roads, not macadamized, but fairly passable. It may be said there are really five of these macadamized roads, for one follows the Albear aqueduct to Vento Springs—though it is in very bad repair at this time, hence not classed with the others. Thus within an hour from the time word was given in the Havana barracks ten thousand soldiers could be thrown to any point along the outer line of defence, and all the time remain under cover of the heavy guns on the ridges and hills. These roads are excellent in all weathers. They follow the natural easy grades of the low hills and gentle slopes, and for much of the time in moving to the front the troops *en route* would be hidden from an enemy approaching the city from the west, south, or east.

It had been agreed in Washington, in the early days of the war with Spain, that if an attack was to be made upon Havana the American army should land at Mariel, about twelve miles to the west. It was also deemed probable that another force would be landed simultaneously near the mouth of the Cojimar River, where the British landed many years ago in their successful expedition against the city. From these two points the American troops would have surrounded Havana on the land side. The navy would have been of little assistance in the actual reduction of Havana, except to protect the landings and maintain the base of supplies, for a bombardment of the city would have been but a wilful destruction of property and the lives of non-combatants, as the Spanish troops were prepared, in such a case, to move out into their fortifications on the hills. After the landing, skirmishing would have commenced at once. The Americans would soon have captured the outer defences of the zone of cultivation and the Vento Springs, but Havana would have secured its water from the Almendares River, lower down. It was then the American artillery would have played its part, for until the heavy guns of the defences of the city were silenced no body of troops could have advanced without terrible loss. This would have been all the greater from the fact that all around the redoubts, in front of all the trenches, and also along the roads, the Spaniards had planted miles of murderous barbed-wire entanglements, which are more discouraging to advancing soldiers than the opposition of a superior force. If the Spanish tactics in the defence of Havana had been the same as at Santiago, the Americans would have been allowed to fight their way against inferior bodies of troops, well intrenched, until the main line of fortifications was reached, where the Spaniards would have made their final stand. It would have been a great battle, greater than any fought by United States troops since the civil war. Victory would have resulted in the end, but its cost in human life would have brought sorrow to thousands of homes under the Stars and Stripes.

During the war with the United States, Spain had in Havana about 100,000 trained soldiers, commanded by the best officers in the Spanish army, and all wildly impatient to put an end to their long idleness and strike a blow in aid of their country. With such a force, behind such defences, it was little wonder that some of General Blanco's officers actually wept when told of the peaceful surrender of Cuba to the Americans. Five hundred and twenty Spanish soldiers held General Lawton and his army at bay at Caney for ten hours, and only yielded when over two hundred and fifty of them had been killed or wounded and eighty had retreated. Less than one thousand Spanish soldiers on the hill at San Juan brought heavy loss, confusion, and dismay to General Shafter's army. American officers familiar with the surroundings of Havana now believe that the defences of that city could not have been successfully stormed by an American army of less than 100,000, assisted by the navy, and that even then the loss to the American side would have been at least twenty thousand men.

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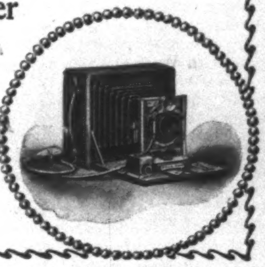

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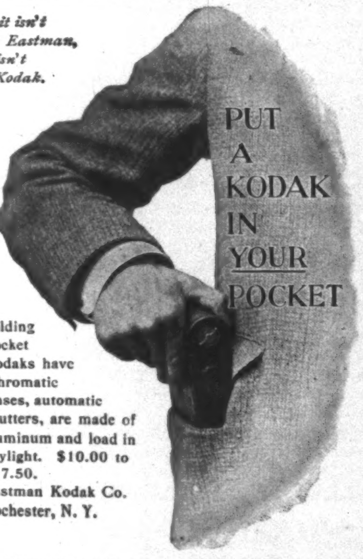

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Captain Leary, Governor of Guam

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

SO many varying and untrue stories have been circulated about the recall of Captain Richard P. Leary, the first American Governor of our new island possession Guam, that the Navy Department has felt itself called upon to print Captain Leary's letter asking that this step be taken. Whatever picturesque methods and high-sounding phrases he may have used during his period of almost autocratic sway there, it is plain that the chief reason for his recall is that his tour of what is called "sea duty" has practically expired. Leary undoubtedly did stir up the friars as to their charges for marriage, and he proclaimed against servitude amounting to slavery and against intoxication, and various other customs calculated to debase those who indulged in them. He also used many lofty words to impress the easy-going natives with a vivid idea of the greatness of the American flag and the United States as a nation. All this made our first Governor of Guam picturesque.

But Captain Leary—Dick Leary, as every one who knows him and thousands who do not know him call him—is more than picturesque; he is positively rugged, always interesting, and never happier than when he scents the atmosphere of strife. His career in the navy has been one of turmoil. Few men in the navy have more sturdy friends or more bitter enemies among his immediate fellows than Dick Leary. Three times his name has been removed from the roster. Twice it was restored by the department after thorough investigation and review of the circumstances under which it was removed. Once it was restored by order of Congress.

Some of the naval officers have never forgiven Leary for that distinction. His career in the navy has not been a bed of roses. He didn't get much of a chance in the war with Spain. Maybe it was because there was a reluctance to allow one with something of the repute of a dare-devil to come to the front, and it might have been that the prejudice of others had some effect. Just before the war came he had had another time of stress in the navy. Some of his enemies suddenly discovered that Leary was color-blind. He said it wasn't so, and again he confounded his enemies, although it took more than one examination to thoroughly establish Leary's contention. The anti-Learyites that time thought they had him sure, but he passed his examination for the captain's grade, did more or less obscure work in the war, and now has won notoriety and glory of a certain kind in Guam.

Leary did one service for his country in the latter part of the eighties in Samoa which attracted a great deal of attention, brought him the thanks privately of a President, a Secretary of State, and a Secretary of the Navy, but no official document of approval, and when it was proposed to give him the thanks of Congress a storm raged about him. He had resisted the aggressions of the German influence in Samoa and had cleared his ship for action one day when a German war-ship threatened to fire on some natives. His correspondence at that time, when he was beyond reach of the government, was so vigorous that when it was transmitted to Congress certain sentences were censored, probably for the good of continued pleasant relations with a certain foreign power.

If Leary had fired on that German war-ship it would probably have brought on war between the United States and Germany. It was a tremendous responsibility to put on a lieutenant-commander. No officer of his years and rank was ever placed in such a position. He was unquestionably right in his attitude, and in his vigor he was truly American. His distinction, it is openly asserted, brought down upon him more jealousy, and that may account for the fact that, inasmuch as his country gave him no public approval, his State of Maryland felt called upon to honor him, and did so, presenting him with a watch by order of the Legislature.

Personally Leary is slight in physique, quiet in behavior, quick to wrath, a typical Southerner in chivalry, an ardent lover of his country, a man who in war would rather fight than eat, drink, or sleep, and in peace would rather devote himself to his real friends than have any attention whatever bestowed upon himself. No matter where Dick Leary may be or what he may do, it is safe to predict that something will always be going on there of especial interest.

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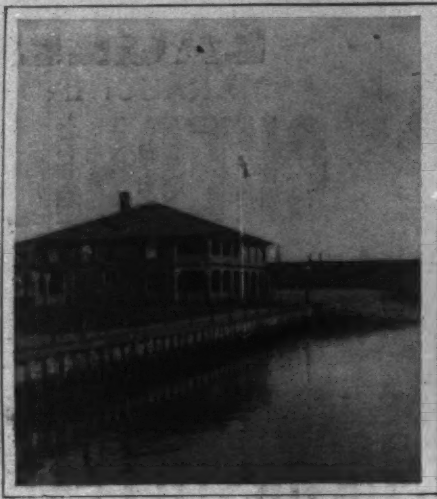

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Rowing at Harvard

OF the many theories that have been advanced to explain Harvard's lack of success in athletics, only one is worth considering—that of an outgrown system. I first saw this set forth in an article by John Corbin in HARPER'S WEEKLY of April 17, 1897. Mr. Corbin at once set aside all idea of bad coaching, bad training, and favoritism, and gave as his reason the inadequacy of the social and athletic systems. The English colleges, where a man is first a college and then a university man, were given as an example of an ideal arrangement. At Harvard there was no such unit of organization; the college had become too large to be considered as a single body, while class spirit had been greatly diminished by the elective system. The clubs were insufficient because they were too small and not well enough united. Mr. Corbin went on to point out that Harvard had advanced so far along other lines that athletics were generally relegated to an insignificant position even by those most actively engaged in them. The conclusion that he drew was that Harvard could not succeed until it was divided into "social and residential units of about the size of the smaller American colleges." Moreover, he went beyond this, predicting that every growing university must suffer the same lack of success.

Now in recent years there have been many interesting changes in Harvard. I believe that athletics are regarded with more enthusiasm, and that without any neglect of our more serious work. And with this change has come success, due not to Mr. Corbin's smaller residential units, but to a new and better regulated system of handling candidates for athletic teams.

Under the old system the squads of 'varsity and class oarsmen were chosen at the beginning of the season, so that the crews might be together as long as possible. This made a man's chance depend almost entirely on his previous experience, and left little opportunity for late development. The plan assured unity, but was far from assuring the development of the best material. Mr. Lehmann advocated the principle of keeping more men at work, and not choosing the crew until later in the year. This, coming at a time when the Weld Club was beginning to demand recognition, gave the impulse to the new system, the first step in which was the organization of the Newell Club as a rival of the Weld. All candidates for the crew were compelled to try for their class crews. Then, after the class races, they were sent to the clubs and arranged in graded crews. These also held races, which formed the basis for the selection of the university squad. The purpose was to more thoroughly try out the material, and to give the men the practice in racing which the old system had entirely lacked. The plan was not altogether successful, as it was found that, after the graded crew races, the Newell became a mere name.

An attempt is now being made to remedy this fault. The rowing men are divided equally between the clubs instead of being allowed to choose for themselves. The shells also have been redistributed, and a regular coach engaged for the Newell, so that the clubs shall be on exactly the same basis. A further change is that, instead of the regular crews, each club is to have class and Law School eights. These, with the exception of the Freshmen, who cannot get into condition so early, raced on April 6 and April 7 for the honor of representing their respective classes. The class races between the winning crews, and a kind of consolation race for the losers, were held on April 13 and April 14. All the men were allowed a short rest during the first half of the spring recess, and returned on Thursday, April 19. The plan from this point was the same as before—the formation of graded crews at both clubs to race on the 1st of May as a final basis for the selection of the sixteen men who form the university squad. The plan for the Freshmen is similar to that for the whole university—to weed them out until there are only two crews at each club, and to let these race as a final test for the selection of the regular Freshman crew.

That the system was a success last year may be seen by the fact that four practically unheard-of men developed into 'varsity material, to the exclusion of former members of the crew. The modified plan this year gives an opportunity for even more men to row, and gives these men more racing experience. There are now not one, but two or three crews from every class at each of the clubs. In the case of the Freshmen there are six, so that there are not less than twenty-five crews, exclusive of fours and pairs, rowing each day. We are building up a system that will make it as natural for a fellow to spend his afternoon on the river as on the ball-field. The great development that the system has already attained cannot be appreciated until it has been seen in operation. Any one who has so seen it can never doubt that Harvard has at last found the key to success.

But, you may object, this is a mere empty plan that is of no use unless you have tried material and master-mechanics to put it together. The first of these is precisely what the system aims to develop. With so many men (over 200) rowing regularly, there can never be a dearth of experienced oarsmen. If these are not always stars they will, at least, be acceptable material and thoroughly representative of the best ability in the university. This year we are particularly fortunate in experienced men. Perhaps the most promising are last year's 'varsity eight—Captain Higginson, Sheafe, H. Bancroft, Lawrence, Tilton, Wood, Evans, and Harding; Blake, a substitute last year; Biddle of the '98 crew; Hawkins and Peyton of the Junior class; and Ladd, G. Bancroft, and Brownell of the 1903 Freshman crew. Nor are we deficient in coaches to develop our material. Mr. E. C. Storrow is again head coach, with J. J. Storrow, '85; G. S. Mumford, '87; and H. W. Keyes, '87, to assist him as before. Besides these, Coach Donovan of the Weld, who has had such marked success in the past, is devoting all his time to the crews of that club, while Harry Vail, formerly coach of the Ariel and Vesper boat clubs, is doing the same at the Newell.

It is this very wealth of coaches that has caused the most serious doubts of the success of the system. It was feared by many that men taught by two different coaches could not be brought together under a third without serious interference of methods. If one cited the case of the best English crews, which row together for only a few weeks, it was retorted that in England every one rowed the same stroke. Now that is precisely the case at Harvard. All the coaches are working along the lines laid down by Mr. Lehmann, though they are using rather more slide, and consequently rather less body swing. One may lay more stress on catching with the legs, and another on catching with the shoulders; one may insist on the rapidity with which the hands are shot away on the recover, and another on the rapidity with which the body follows the hands; but in all essential points there is no conflict. Certainly no one can complain that the difference in coaching caused any serious difficulty last year. I cannot leave this subject without again paying tribute to Mr. Lehmann, to whom more than to any other one man this system, with its past success and promise of future success, is due.

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FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

THE Third Avenue Railroad Company has at length been eliminated as a serious disturbing element in the New York stock-market. It was first authoritatively announced that a syndicate headed by a prominent banking firm had taken $35,000,000 of its four-per-cent. bonds, guaranteed by the Metropolitan Company. This amount, it was said, would dispose of the floating debt, meet all outstanding claims; and provide for the completion of improvements. The total issue was to be $50,000,000, and with the proceeds of the remainder the $5,000,000 of old five-per-cent. bonds and the obligations of the subsidiary lines, amounting to $8,500,000, are to be taken up, so that the whole system will be covered by the $50,000,000 mortgage.

On this general announcement the stock, which had been selling at about 108, advanced ten points. The next day came the announcement that the Metropolitan Company, at a meeting of the directors of the two corporations, had decided to lease the Third Avenue system for 999 years, and operate it in connection with its own. The proposal came from the Third Avenue Company, and the agreement is to be ratified by its stockholders; but as the Metropolitan has become the owner of a majority of the stock, the transaction is practically one-sided. According to the terms of the lease the Third Avenue stockholders are to receive for the first four years simply the net earnings of that company over its fixed charges and operating expenses; for the next two years a dividend of five per cent.; and for the next four a dividend of six per cent. After that seven per cent. on the stock is guaranteed. There are 100,000 shares of the Third Avenue stock, comparatively little of which is in the market. On the day of the lease it had advanced to 124, but after the announcement it receded to 117. It rallied the next day, and all the traction stocks grew strong on the settlement of this matter, which had disturbed the market for several weeks.

Railroad stocks generally have been pretty firm at advanced prices, though occasional irregularities are produced by Stock Exchange reports. London buying has continued to give strength to the leading American securities in the railroad line. A special feature has been an advance of Baltimore and Ohio preferred, which has passed the common again and risen nearly to 90, on reports that it may be retired at or near par, and the common stock be placed upon a dividend-paying basis.

A report of prospective dividends for the Missouri Pacific induced active buying of its stock at advancing prices. Sugar continues to be a disturbing element, upon conflicting reports of a cessation of hostilities upon the American Refining Company, and of their relentless continuance. The battle continues thus far, and the price of sugar, as fixed by the chief rivals of the "Trust," is said to admit of no profit in refining, and the National and Mollenhauer works continue to be shut down. A plan has been announced of the incorporation of the National Starch Company, with $5,000,000 of common stock, $4,500,000 six-per-cent. cumulative preferred, and $4,000,000 five-per-cent. sinking-fund debentures, to take in the National Starch Manufacturing Company, the United Starch Company, and the United Glucose Company, which last owns most of the stock of the United States Sugar Refining Company, with its plant at Waukegan, Illinois. The capitalization of $13,500,000 is considered moderate for a new "Trust." The Continental Tobacco Company, the one great rival of the American Tobacco Company, which is known as "The Tobacco Trust," has issued a statement for last year showing assets and liabilities just under $100,000,000. It has $48,844,600 of preferred and $48,846,100 of common stock. The latter pays no dividend.

The New York money-market has shown increasing ease, and the steady rate for call loans has been three per cent., while three and one-half has prevailed for sixty to ninety days' time and four per cent. for longer periods. Mercantile paper rules at four and one-half to six per cent. The effect of the refunding operation and the issue of new bank-notes has been distinctly felt. The Sub-Treasury has been paying out money for premiums on the old bonds converted into two-per-cents. and thus has added to the resources of the banks, while considerable of the additional currency of the established banks has come into circulation. There has not been time to furnish the notes for new banks, as the process of making plates and printing occupies about six weeks.

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